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VIRGIN NUDES!

TEN FIRST-TIMERS STRIP INSIDE

'LICK MY LIPS!'

MUNCH DOWN ON BALLERINA BABE TINA

THE WORLD'S MOST GORGEOUS GIRLS GET NAKED IN CLUB – GUARANTEED!

THIS MONTH IN CLUB TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Three Number Eight

page 5
Angela

page 14
Catriona

We're always flying by the seat of our collective pants here at Club. With just two days to go before the deadline looms, we're still struggling to fill the magazine. It's not the girls that are the problem, in fact they're the easiest part. Luscious, beautiful, intelligent, stunning girls – that's what we promise every month and we never fail to deliver. It's the other bits, you know, the words – the bits that you lot don't read 'cos you're too busy looking at all those luscious, beautiful, intelligent, stunning girls. But you should give it a try and actually read some of the words for a change...

This month we're proud to introduce a new writer, Jake Black, who's written a guide to the new and exciting zines available from America: serial killers, porn actors and tips on doing it 'doggy style'(and we aren't talking Barbara Woodhouse) are all in there. Cool, huh?

There's also Club's answer to Barry Norman, Dean Isherwood, reviewing the latest videos and James T

page 23
Elizabeth

page 30
Lucy

Thought of the month:
"My grandfather told me if you drink beer, your breasts will grow. I've always drunk beer..."
Eva Herzigova, 1994

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page
Tina
43

page
Patsy
54

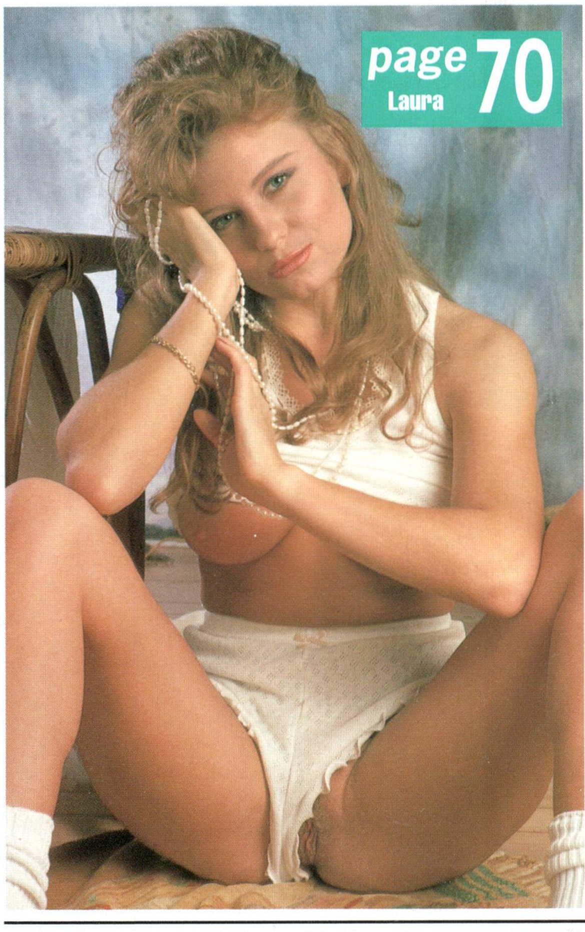
Bone's sparkling music column. There's even a fashion page too... Oh fuck it! It's no use, you're just not interested are you? And we can't blame you really – I mean, the girls in Club are just *too* damn sexy...

Take Laura Anthony, the ravishing redhead from Manchester who *loves* sex, she can't wait to tell you just how much she adores getting down and, err, doing it. She even made us lot blush bright red. And who's that working up a lather on page 54? Only Patsy, who can't resist washing her car naked! She's promised to give our readers a special polish and buff – for a limited period only. There's an international feel in this issue, with the arrival of Catriona on page 14. She's come over from Spain and hopes to stay in the UK for the entire summer – which will probably last about three days, knowing the English weather.

The girls in Club are just too damn sexy...

Of course, I have to mention a new adition to our team – and that's Tina on page 43. She's the new regular girl here at Club and looks set to be our naughtiest girl ever. She's already come up with a few ideas for her photo sets, so keep your eyes peeled. You won't be disapppointed!

What more can I tell you about this issue? It's the best one we've ever produced – but then I always say that. Of course, the *jokes*! Naturally, they're up to the usual high standard, about as funny as being locked in a lift with Jeremy Beadle and Stan Boardman. But you can't have everything, can you?! – *The Editor* ♣



page
Wendy
76

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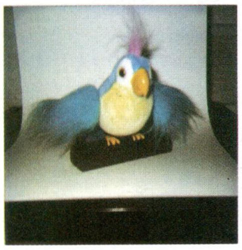
23

in the bag

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF

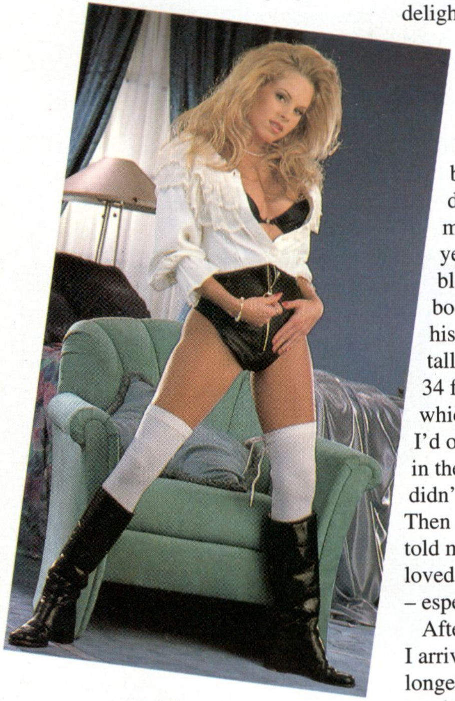
MY FAVOURITE THING

Do you have a favourite possession? Something that is utterly worthless to anyone but yourself? It could be a toenail clipping from the bass player of The Sweet or a plastic fork that was once used by Leslie Ash. It doesn't matter how insignificant or strange – we want to hear from you! This month Ray Edmonds from Kent shares his talking parrot with us. "It's my favourite thing," he told us. Thanks, Ray – you're a star! Send your pics to 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. ♣



PUSSY IN BOOTS

Bootiful, really bootiful! No, I'm not talking about Bernard Mathews' turkey drummers, but something much hotter and tastier. In the last issue of Club (Vol 23 No 6), Erin looked simply gorgeous, especially in those lovely black leather boots!



It's about time that you showed somebody in beautiful, shiny black boots and what's more they should be real leather, not the tacky PVC stuff. My girlfriend, Tabitha, has kept her knee-length boots from her horse riding days and regularly wears them in bed for me, but even she would have to admit that Erin looks absolutely stunning.

My ultimate fantasy would be to enjoy a threesome with Erin and Tabitha both in their black leather riding boots. I would happily kiss their leather-clad toes before slowly moving up their thighs. The feeling of the cool leather as they wrap their long legs around my neck and back would spur me on to the greatest night of shagging in my life!

So, more boots in Club, especially on Erin! – *Mark, Leeds*

SEXY STOCKINGS

I'm a 19-year-old telephonist who has discovered, to my delight, that some men simply can't resist black, seamed stockings.

I'm living with my first serious boyfriend, but sex between us had become boring and I'd developed a real lust for my boss. Guy is 25-years-old, with short blond hair and a very fit body; I'd tried to catch his eye for weeks. I'm a tall brunette with a 34-22-34 figure and long legs, which are my best feature. I'd often wear short skirts in the office, but Guy still didn't seem to notice me. Then a friend of mine, Lisa, told me that her boyfriend loved her to wear stockings – especially seamed ones.

After a visit to *Knickerbox*, I arrived for work in a much longer skirt with black stilettos, black seamed stockings and suspenders. The reaction was instant – Guy spotted them almost immediately and seemed to find excuses to follow me around the office and ogle my legs.

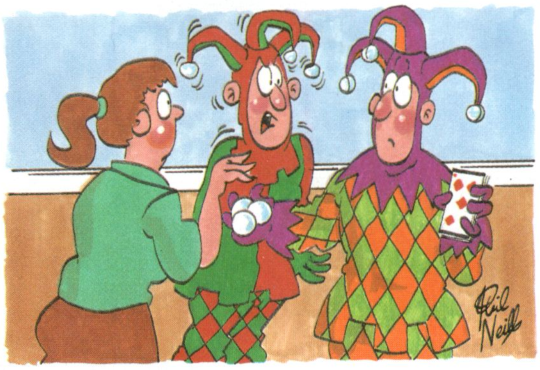
Anyway, last Friday afternoon I was summoned into his office and he asked me out for dinner over the weekend. I accepted, of course, and asked him what I should wear. "Anything you like," he beamed, "but your legs look great in those seamed stockings!" I got the message...

I told my boyfriend that I was going out with the girls from work and to expect me home late on Saturday evening. I really went overboard with my outfit and wore a strapless dress with the tiniest of g-strings and a black suspender belt, black seamed stockings and stilettos. As I expected, Guy turned on the glitz with a meal at a nice restaurant and a few bottles of champagne. And afterwards we went onto a club just around the corner from our office in the City.

As we smooched on the dancefloor, I could feel his hard prick pressing against me and I couldn't bear it. "I want to fuck you, Guy," I whispered in his ear.

"And I know the perfect place where we can go..." he replied. We left the club and walked towards the City and Guy opened up our office at 1am on a Sunday morning. In the warmth and privacy of his office, Guy stripped off his clothes and then sat naked in his big leather chair. His fit tanned body had me drooling and I quickly took off my dress and knelt before him.

I haven't seen many cocks, but I imagine that his magnificent member ranked as near-perfect. Big, thick and throbbing, my pussy dampened at the prospect of taking it inside my mouth. "Suck it, please," grunted Guy. I slowly ran my tongue right up the underside of his shaft and then enveloped his bell-end. I've always loved giving blow-jobs and I sucked on his cock like my life depended on it. After a few minutes, Guy pulled me away and turned his attention to me.



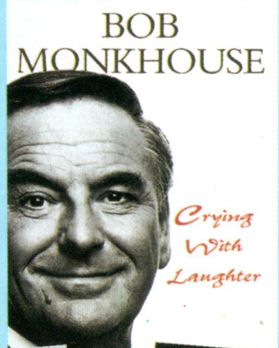
I'm warning you, Johnson. Stop saying, 'Just hold my balls while I show you my five fingered shuffle', will you?!

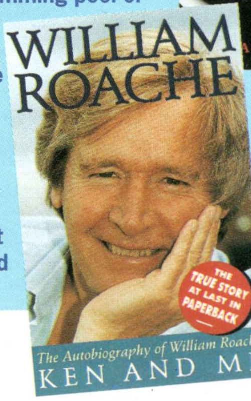
SAME OL' STORY

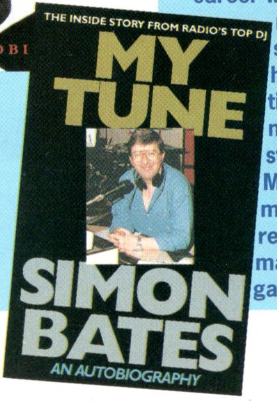
What do smug wealthy bastards do when their career's over? Write their autobiographies, says **Smarm Ecunt**...

Bob Monkhouse, Simon Bates, Nicholas Parsons, even William Roache (aka Ken Barlow) have all written their autobiographies recently. I know, you can hardly wait to get your teeth into these laugh-a-minute tomes, but are they really that bad?! Well, to save you wading through through these hard-to-read backs, here's our potted version of the whole dreary lot...

My Childhood: "I may be bloody rolling in it now, but I used to be quite poor actually. We didn't have a swimming pool or anything and I had to struggle hard before I got my break by shitting on my closest friends and family."




WILLIAM ROACHE
THE TRUE STORY AT LAST IN PAPERBACK
The Autobiography of William Roache
KEN AND ME



My Early Days In The Business: "I started by playing the Allambra, Heckmondwyke for just £10 a week". (Conveniently forgetting that in 1950, £10 a week was twice what the average manual worker got.) "And I remember the day I got booed off at Catford Empire. I thought my career was over..." (This modest admission of failure hides an implication that they've never died on stage since.)

My Sex Life: "I may be a respectable family man with my own game show/soap

angela

Photographs by Denys DeFrancesco

THERE'S NO TRUTH IN THE RUMOURS...
That pop singer Bjork isn't actually from Iceland as she claims, but was raised in Penicuik, Scotland... That Kate Moss used to work with a chimney sweep – as the brush... That Roseanne Arnold is being offered a million dollars to pose for Playboy's centrefold (continued on pages 50-83)... That Chris Evans was once caught out at his home by Noel Edmond's hidden cameras wanking over *Baywatch*... That Clint Eastwood wants people to carry on making his day after he dies, by being cryogenically frozen... That Ed The Duck was found giving a blow-job to a senior member of the BBC... That John Major will win the next election through sheer force of personality. ♣

"Sit in the chair," he told me, then he began kissing and licking my nipples and tugged the g-string down over my ankles. I was reclined in the chair, legs wide open over the armrests with Guy's tongue searching and probing my bush. He was certainly experienced, his oral technique was in a different class to anything I'd ever experienced. My juices were soaking my thighs as he lashed my clitty with his tongue and the climax I experienced was incredible.

Guy then took me by the hand and lay me across his

continued on page 28

opera/nightclub, but I used to be quite a lad, believe me. To prove it here are some stories about famous people that I've shagged, all of whom just happen to be dead so they can't sue me for daring to imply they'd actually knob a greasy git like me."
My Battle With The Booze: *"I like a drink now and again, but I've had to seriously cut down – 'cos it was nearly my round."*
Conclusion: *"I may come over as a prick on television but actually I'm a deeply sincere, well-rounded, dangerously ambitious prick on television."* ♣

Let's have three cheers for Angela! The cheerleader from Los Angeles can usually be found on the touchline urging on her local team, the LA Raiders, but she decided to shake her pom-pom's for Club instead.

"I just hope you don't believe all that rubbish about us cheerleaders being all sweet and innocent," drawls the 19-year-old sexily. "Once I've got

an audience I'll do anything to make sure all eyes are on me. I'll wriggle my bum around and stick my boobs right out and lick my lips lasciviously. I even went out on the field without my knickers on once, the guys really loved that!"

So what turns you on then, Angela?

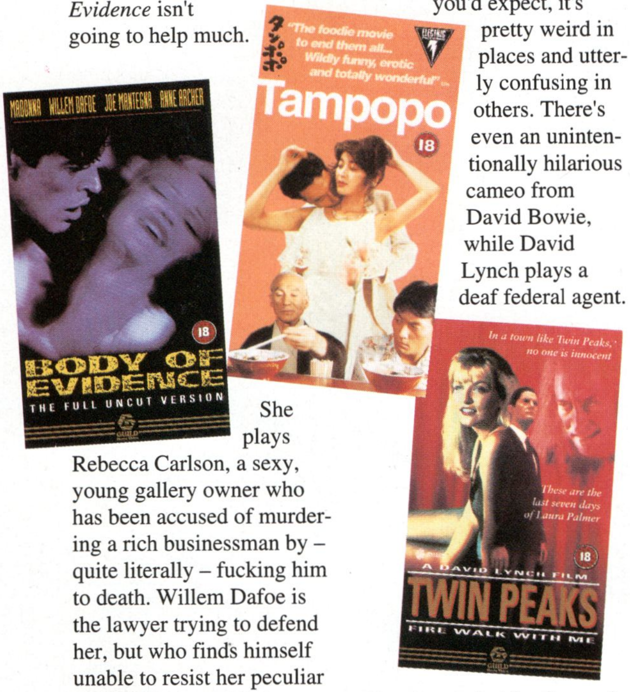
"Big butch men playing with their funny-shaped balls," she laughs. "But then that's another story!" ♣

FALLEN MADONNA!

Whose got the best twin peaks on video this month? No contest, reckons vid viewer **Dean Isherwood**...

Body Of Evidence
Polygram Video
Certificate: 18

Madonna has had something of a rough ride with her film career to date – and I'm not just talking about the action on-screen! She has been striving to be taken seriously as an actress, but *Body Of Evidence* isn't going to help much.


MADONNA WILLEM DAFOE JOE MANTEGNA ANNE ARCHER
18
BODY OF EVIDENCE
THE FULL UNCUT VERSION
"The foodie movie to end them all... Wildly funny, erotic and totally wonderful"
Tampopo
18
In a town like Twin Peaks, no one is innocent
These are the last seven days of Laura Palmer
18
A DAVID LYNCH FILM
TWIN PEAKS
FIRE WALK WITH ME

She plays Rebecca Carlson, a sexy, young gallery owner who has been accused of murdering a rich businessman by – quite literally – fucking him to death. Willem Dafoe is the lawyer trying to defend her, but who finds himself unable to resist her peculiar brand of love-making.

Madonna plays the role as Carlson well enough, but you're left wondering why the hell Dafoe came to be in a film like this. Under normal circumstances this would have been consigned to the bargain bin, but with Madonna in the lead role it enjoyed a spell in the Top 10 on its release at the cinema.

Not as bad as *Shanghai Surprise*, but only of interest to those of you who haven't seen Madonna's tits yet.

Rating: ✓✓

Twin Peaks : Fire Walk With Me
Polygram Video
Certificate: 18

Fans of *Twin Peaks* (the television series) are right up there with Trekkies and trainspotters as far as I'm concerned, so I'm afraid I can't see the appeal of this film to anyone but them.

Tracing the last seven days of Laura Palmer, this film simply picks up where the BBC2 series left off.

Kyle McLachlan hams it up as FBI-agent, Dale Cooper, trying to solve the murder that rocked the small town of Twin Peaks. As you'd expect, it's pretty weird in places and utterly confusing in others. There's even an unintentionally hilarious cameo from David Bowie, while David Lynch plays a deaf federal agent.

Recommended for fans only, I suggest you save your money and rent out *Wild At Heart* instead.

Rating: ✓✓✓

Tampopo
Electric Pictures
Certificate: 18

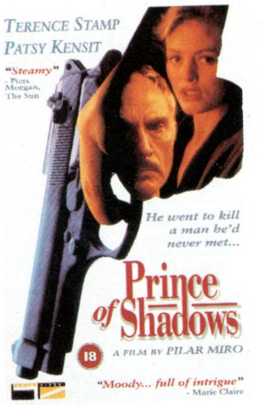
If your idea of Japanese cinema is either the animated features of Manga or martial arts films, then this should make for a novel change.

It tells the story of noodle-maker, Tampopo, and her quest to make the perfect noodle soup. You'd be forgiven for thinking that this sounds about as exciting as watching Arsenal at home, but this film mixes the twin obsessions of food and sex to startling effect – and it features the sexiest use of an egg yolk this side of Fanny Craddock. Appetising stuff.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

VIDEO OF THE MONTH
Prince Of Shadows
Tartan Video
Certificate: 18

Oh, Patsy Kensit... Call me easily pleased, but you could paste the sleeve from this video on to the television screen and I could quite happily gaze lovingly at the picture of Patsy Kensit for the duration of this film (114 minutes). Call me obsessed if you want, I'll even admit that I bought those crap records she released years ago. As far as I'm concerned, she can do no wrong. So you can imagine my elation when *Prince Of Shadows* – starring Patsy Kensit – dropped into my lap. 'Video of the month,' I thought to myself immediately.


TERENCE STAMP
PATSY KENSIT
"Steamy" - Piers Morgan, The Sun
He went to kill a man he'd never met...
Prince of Shadows
18
A FILM BY PILAR MIRO
"Moody... full of intrigue" - Marie Claire

The film tells the story of a Communist Party exile (spookily played by Terence Stamp) who is on a mission to execute a suspected police informer. Sent to Madrid, it is there that he meets Patsy Kensit, who plays a seductive, stunning nightclub singer. The lucky sod then gets drawn into a passionate and steamy affair with her, but their love takes a dangerous and life-threatening turn.

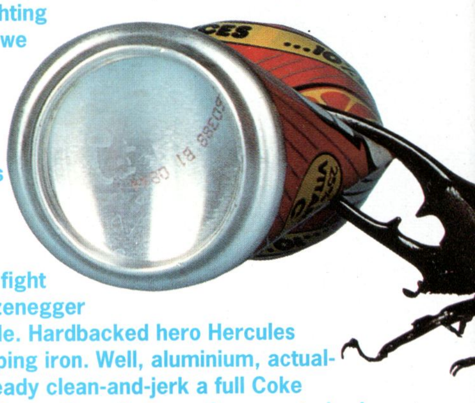
As I said, Ms Kensit can do no wrong in my book and *Prince Of Shadows* is merely a vehicle in which she oozes sensuality and delectability. 'Thrilling, stylish and sexy' says the press release – if they're talking about Patsy, then I can't disagree. The film itself? The biggest load of bollocks I've ever seen.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓✓ for Patsy, ✓ for the film

RATINGS
unmissable, a classic ✓✓✓✓✓✓
definitely worth watching ✓✓✓✓✓
fairly good ✓✓✓✓
average ✓✓✓
yawn, fast forward ✓✓
appalling ✓

BEETLEMANIA

Remember those days you spent putting salt on slugs, burning beetles with magnifying glasses and drowning ants in boiling water? Well, bad news, guys – the insects are fighting back! Even as we write, the little bastards are building up their three pairs of biceps so that they can take their revenge.



Leading the fight is the Schwarzenegger Hercules Beetle. Hardbacked hero Hercules trains by pumping iron. Well, aluminium, actually. He can already clean-and-jerk a full Coke can and drop it on a bare foot causing a nasty bruise.

DOGGY BASKET

Playing 'fetch' isn't good enough for Magic Bonzo, the dribbling dog from Dagenham. From the moment his master first threw a ball for him, rather than simply return it, Bonzo bounced it with one paw across the basketball court, dummied two other dogs, endorsed a pair of overpriced trainers named after him, scored a basket and became a cult success amongst the brown dog community. Now a regular player for the Hounslow Pooploppers, Magic is worth over £2million to his sponsors, Ree-bark. However, asked what the doggy position was like in major league basketball, Magic simply replied, "Wuff!"

Fans of canine sport might be interested to know that Magic can be seen at Wembley in August, crapping against one of their goal-posts, more than likely... ♣

VIRGIN JUMPERS

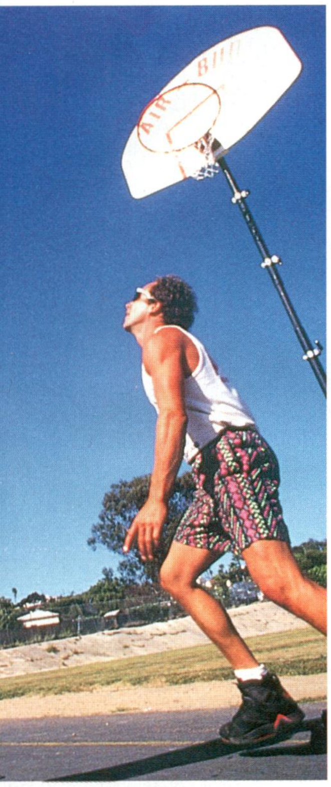
Following the success of their balloon flights and range of condoms, Richard Branson's Virgin company has decided to combine the two with the first Hot Air Balloon Johnny-Jumping Contest. Attached only by a Mates condom, competitors leap out of Mr Branson's balloon (another blob filled with hot air created by burning their unsuccessful bids to put his radio station on FM, run the State lottery, have their own satellite TV channel etc). The amazing elasticity of these condoms means that Johnny-Jumpers can plummet up to 100 feet in safety. Probably not the first time they've fallen for a Virgin product! Afterwards the condom is totally intact and can be used in the normal way. One jumper said: "Actually, it's the first one I've had that's fitted!"

Club Health Warning: Do not try jumping from a hot air balloon suspended by only a Mates condom even with a grown-up present. This feature is complete and utter bollocks (with no element of truth whatsoever, espe-

Hercules plans to lead a team of crack cock roaches who will be turning up in vans to eliminate infestations of people in their houses. His ultimate ambition is to pull people's legs off and then stamp on them just to hear the satisfying crunch!

We approached Hercules for a quote about his world domination plans, but

unfortunately he and his fellow beetles were at a stag night... ♣

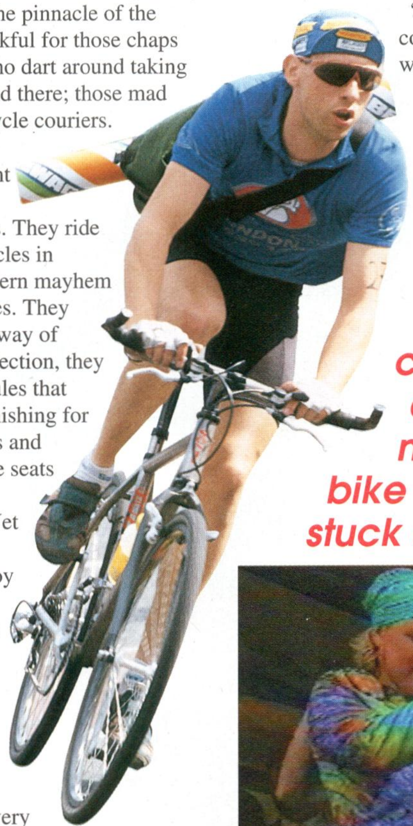


cially the references to Virgin and Richard Branson who is a very nice man with excellent products) and johnny-jumping should not be attempted, except by trained people with no will to live – ***The Club Doctor and Lawyer ♣***

ON YER BIKES!

The maddest things on two wheels are cycle couriers, says **Adam Porter**. And they're battling it out at the World Courier Cycle Championships next month...

Let's face it, there are many people for whom riding bicycles was never meant to be. Attempting to lift that paunch on to those cheekbusting little seats and then propelling yourself around using your legs seems daft when there are things like cars and taxis around. However, we all have reason at some time, especially us whizzkids at the pinnacle of the media, to be thankful for those chaps and chapesses who dart around taking messages here and there; those mad sods known as cycle couriers.



Cycle couriers lead an unpleasant life according to outside observers. They ride unprotected vehicles in amongst the modern mayhem of vans and lorries. They have little in the way of employment protection, they face work schedules that would be too punishing for many top athletes and those bloody bike seats must play havoc with your nuts. Yet for some reason they seem to enjoy what they do; they actually like riding bikes!

As a result of this, and the fact that cycle couriers appeared throughout the 70s and 80s in every major city in the world, someone decided to invent a *Cycle Courier & Messenger World Championship*. In fact, it was those bad biker bastards from Berlin. They set up a series of competitions and invited teams of up to six riders from all over the world. They came from as far as San Francisco, New York and Toronto, as well as Norway, Sweden and, of course, the UK.

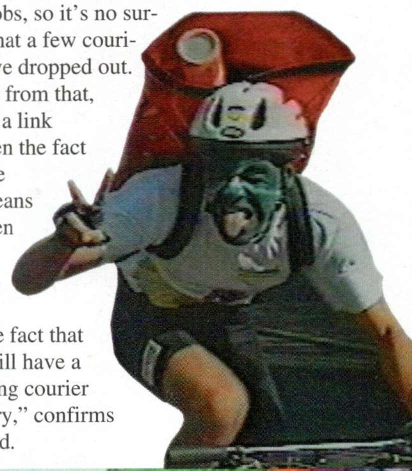
This year teams are coming from all over the world. Riders will compete in ten heats and a final. But, of course, they would not be couriers if they did not have to carry something bulky. This year they have to carry an A3 envelope and an A3-sized cardboard tube, making things just that little bit spicier. As well as the teams from last year there are, amongst others, mobs coming from Moscow, Washington, Colorado and Down Under. To qualify as a team you have to have a minimum of four couriers who come from the same company.

"Obviously each courier company would like to be known as the fastest," says this year's race organiser, Richard Guard. "It would be a good sales pitch.

Everyone knows the story of the man who came into casualty on a Saturday night with a bike handlebar stuck up his arse

"Although the industry did contract in the recession there are still around a hundred courier companies in the UK who will hopefully be putting forward teams. We think this is one World Championship the British can win."

However, as you may have noticed around the streets of our major cities, cycle couriers are no longer present in the number they once were. Why? In their heyday in the late 80s the average time before the courier had his or her first accident was three months, but in 1989 eight couriers died undertaking their jobs, so it's no surprise that a few couriers have dropped out. "Apart from that, there's a link between the fact that the Europeans are keen on Green issues and the fact that they still have a booming courier industry," confirms Richard.



Indeed there will be stiff competition from our Northern European friends. "Around 50 Danes, 80 Germans and about 40 Swedes will be competing," says Richard. "The individual winner last time round was a guy called Andy Schneider from Cologne."

As well as the individual champion, as in most cycle races, the cumulative finishing places will be added up to see which is the fastest team.

The two-day event will certainly be fast and funky with its fair share of spills, grazed knees and bruised bums. Strangely, Club's idea of making it more realistic by merging it with a similar event for taxi drivers was not well received. Anyway, everyone knows the story of the man who came into casualty on a Saturday night with a bike handlebar stuck up his arse with, incidentally, the rest of the bike still attached... Perhaps next year?

The C.M.W. Championships will be held at the Royal Victoria Docks on 12th-14th August 1994 ♣

Photographs by Scott Evans

Catriona

Seville may be well known for its oranges, but we're pleased to introduce another export from the Spanish city – and she's just as sweet! Nineteen-year-old Catriona Sanchez has forsaken the sun and sangria of her hometown to come and make her first appearance in Club.

"I was actually thinking of staying in this country for the entire summer," confesses the sexy señorita hopefully. "So I just hope your English summers are all that they're cracked up to be..." You mean rain,

rain and more rain then, Catriona?

"Of course," she laughs wickedly. "I mean, what better excuse would I need to stay indoors all day shagging the brains out of one of your handsome English hunks!" ♣

TAKE THIS AND PARTY!

Move over boys, the girls are taking over! **James T Bone** gets hot and sweaty over Take This and brings you the latest gossip from the world of pop

As you will be aware, this column has no time or patience with so-called tribute or revivalist bands. Do we honestly need Björn Again when we have already had to endure Abba for the last twenty years? Guns and Roses should pack it in now – Spinal Tap were funnier ten years earlier. And as for 'new punk rockers' S*M*A*S*H, Joe Strummer should consult his solicitor immediately. However, there is one band that has caught our attention and we're glad to give them a plug.

Take This are five London girls who are so obsessed with Take That, that they've formed their own pop group in honour of their idols. They first met each other at concerts given by the Manchester-based pop group and then swiftly graduated to singing Take That songs during karaoke sessions at a South London pub. The five girls have even changed their own names to be like the lads.

☐ **Howie** has been learning to spin on her head – just like her favourite Take That member, Howard Donald.

☐ **Markita** has a tattoo of a dolphin on her bum, identical to the one that Mark Howard sports.

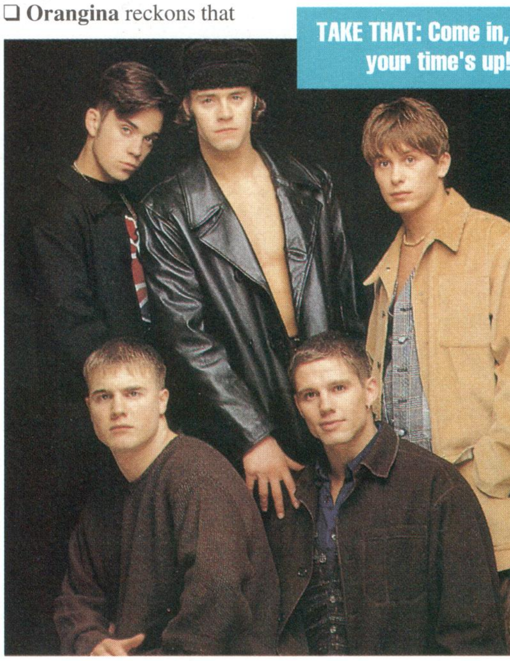
☐ **Roberta** is a big fan of Robbie Williams and even goes to see his local football team, Port Vale.

☐ **Gazzi B** is so obsessed with singer Gary Barlow that she regularly camps outside his home hoping for a glimpse of him.

☐ **Orangina** reckons that Jason Orange is the best dancer in the band and imitates his dance routines. Thankfully, she stopped short of growing a goatee beard like Jason.

The girls, who range in age from 17 to 22, are to release their first single, *Love You Back*, later on this month. Let's face it, they've got to be better than their male counterparts...

BEASTIE BOYS: Rap's answer to the Roux brothers?


TAKE THAT: Come in, lads, your time's up!

● **The Beastie Boys** released a new LP last month – *Ill Communications* – which has been heralded by music critics in this country as a work of genius. Funnily enough, their last two LPs were criminally ignored and it's only now that the band are getting the attention they fully deserve.

Generally dismissed as drunken buffoons who just got lucky, the LA-based rap trio turned their backs on the UK after the shabby treatment they received from the press during their last visit here. In the meantime they've become one of the biggest selling underground acts in the States, built an impressive clothing empire (*X-Large Clothing*) and have started their own burgeoning record label (*Luscious Jackson*).

Now the likes of *I-D*, *Loaded* and *The Face* all want a slice of the action, but what have they been getting from The Beastie Boys? In-depth analysis of their rise to cultdom? The band's views of the current music scene? Nope. Cooking hints and the importance of tofu in a balanced diet! Stick that in your pipe and smoke it, Mr NME!

● Staying Stateside... She may be a President's daughter, but Chelsea Clinton has been finding she can't get everything she wants. The 15-year-old was recently snubbed by grunge

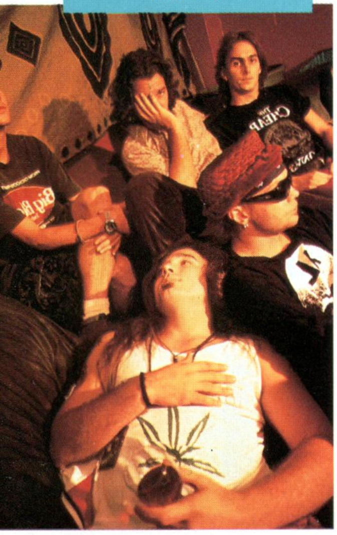
TAKE THIS: (clockwise from top left) Howie, Gazzi B, Markita, Orangina and Roberta

MUDHONEY: They didn't want to go to Chelsea...

group **Mudhoney**, who she desperately wanted to meet. Instead the poor girl had to settle for **Pearl Jam**. Oh dear!

- Spare a thought for James Dean Bradfield, singer of **Manic Street Preachers**. His father was a huge movie fan and had originally intended on christening his first-born, Clint Eastwood Bradfield. Thankfully the child's mother intervened and saved the poor sod from a lifetime of certain ridicule.

PEARL JAM: (White house) music for the masses



- **Debbie Gibson** may have departed from the lead role as Sandy in *Grease*, but singing opposite Craig McLachlan twice a night for a year has obviously left its mark. She's just announced she's off on an extensive tour. Of Vietnam. Hopefully her replacement Sonia will do the same.

- **The Wonderstuff** have announced that their headline slot at next month's Phoenix Festival will be their last ever gig. Expect them to reform for a greatest hits tour in 2021...

- Finally the *NME* has been quick to voice their opinion that Geffen records should not cash in on the suicide of Nirvana's **Kurt Cobain**.

Very admirable, but a quick glance through the classified section of the weekly paper reveals dozens of adverts for 'mint condition Nirvana tickets' for gigs that the singer didn't play after he made it onto the guestlist for the boneyard earlier than he thought. Hypocritical bastards... ♣

elizabeth

Photographs by Roberto Rocco

Fancy a Glasgow kiss? We can certainly guarantee a peck on the cheek from Elizabeth would knock you to the floor! The Govan-born beauty has only been modelling for a few weeks, but already she's thrown in the towel at the local swimming pool where she used to work as a lifeguard. "I'm sure the blokes only ever came to look at me in

my swimming costume anyway," laughs the 21-year-old. "Now they'll just have to catch up with me in Club instead!"

No regrets then, Elizabeth?

"Certainly not," she insists. "Even though I haven't been near the water for weeks I've still managed to slip in a few lengths – and my breast stroke has to be seen to be believed!" ♣

in the bag

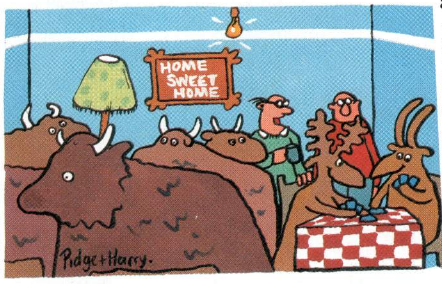
continued from page 5

huge leather-topped desk. Standing over me, he grabbed my ankles and put my legs right over my shoulders. He penetrated me in one smooth thrust and I almost came on the spot! "This is how I've dreamt of having you," he panted. "Your long legs in black seamed stockings over my shoulders giving your tight pussy a hot poking! I'm going to give you a damn good fuck..."

True to his word, Guy fucked me senseless, my screams of delight drowning out the sound of his balls slapping against my arse. I writhed beneath him as he thrust back and forth until I came, my orgasm pulsing through me.

Guy was an incredible performer, but he still had another fantasy to fulfil. He bent me over the desk, confessing how sexy he thought my "peach of an arse" was and then he proceeded to fuck me from behind. The depth of his penetration had me screaming even louder as his fingers teased my clitty while he fucked me. I came again and then felt his cock twitching, "I'm coming!" he yelled.

continued on page 42



It may be a little crowded, but you'll seldom hear a discouraging word...

DEAR DIONNE,

Beauty, they say, is in the eye of the holder. Well, it wasn't just my eyes that widened when I saw your pictures in Club (Vol 23 No 6). Your boobs are absolutely mouthwatering, although you complained that men are only interested in snuggling up to your 38 inchers and all but ignore the rest of your beautiful body. Well, not me...

Yes, your breasts are magnificent, but I must mention your pert bum, slim waist and a pussy that has my tongue hanging out in anticipation. Of course, nuzzling your boobs would be nice, but then I'd move slowly down, kissing your smooth stomach before reaching your trim pussy.

Slipping my tongue between your slit, I just know what will happen when I touch your button. You'll start writhing with pleasure as my tongue teases your pussy. Your boobs will be lolling from side-to-side as you rock in ecstasy, your mouth open and your long hair wildly falling around you.

Soon you won't be able to take any more and your back will arch as you climax, your juices gushing forth.

Then, and only then, would I come up and hug you, feeling those lovely boobs pressed against me in a wonderful post-coital cuddle. Now it's your turn, Dionne. What would you do to me? – *Jack, Sheffield*

Any man who pampered my pussy that much deserves a reward! I'd give your cock the same treatment as you gave my pussy, ending up by slipping it inside my pussy for the ultimate climax! You think your tongue is expert? Just wait till you sample mine... – Dionne ♣

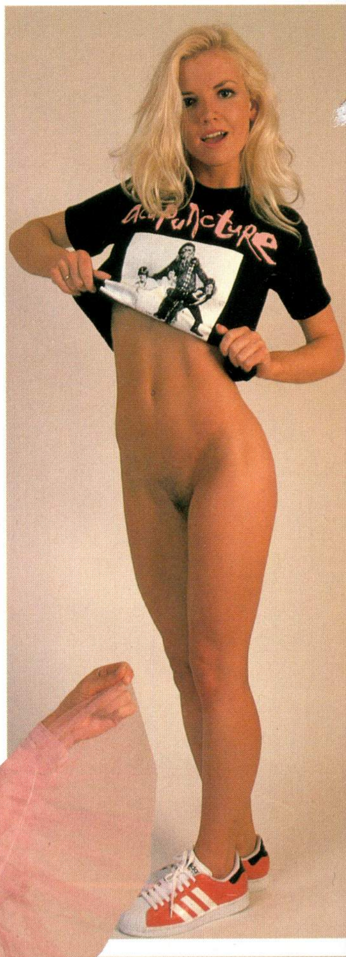
clobber

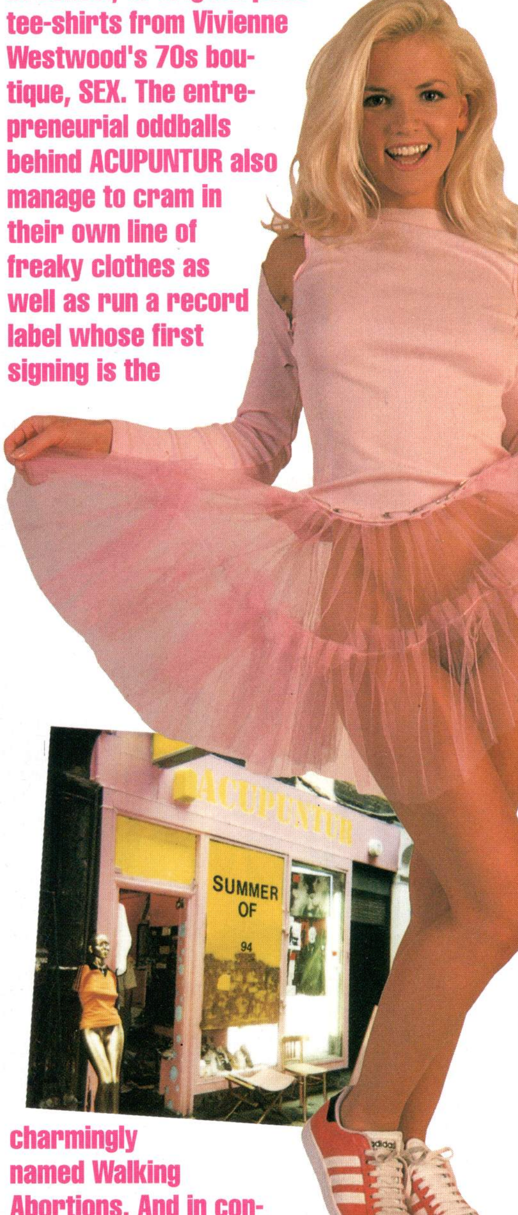
ACUPUNKADELICA!

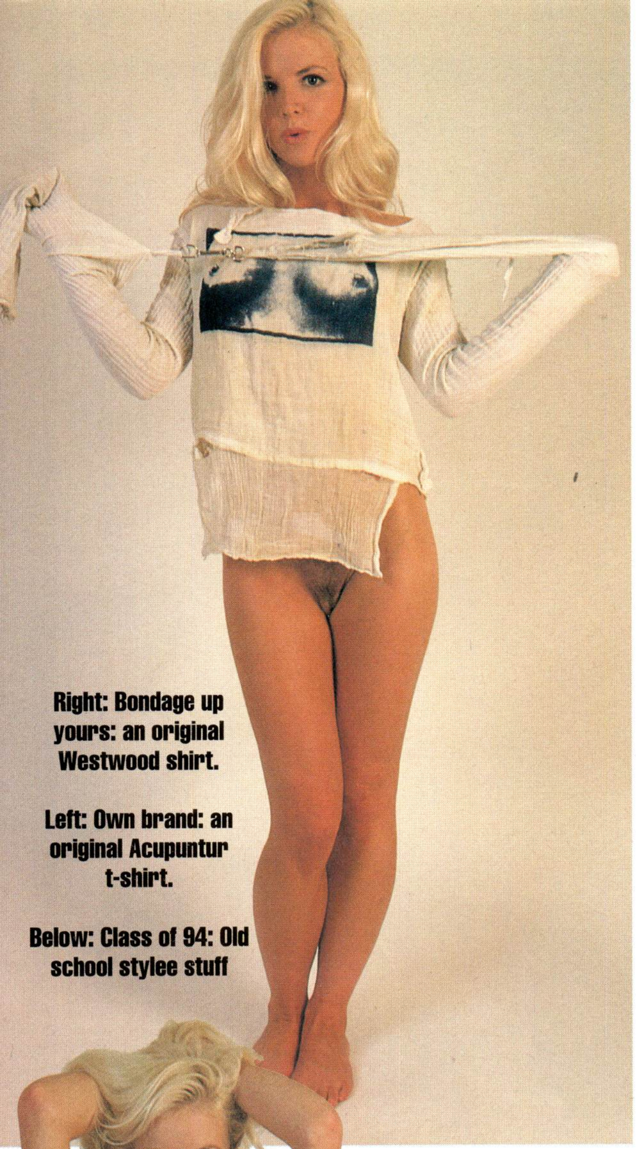
Deep in the heart of seediest Soho, squeezed between the sex shops and peep shows lies a dodgy little clothes shop that's at the forefront of the punk revival scene...

Remember that old pair of Vivienne Westwood bondage trousers that your mum cut up to use for dusters about ten years ago? Well you should have stopped her because these days they're worth a fucking fortune, selling for over a hundred quid in London's strangest (and surely smallest) clobber shop, ACUPUNTUR.

No bigger than a broom cupboard, the shop is stuffed with everything from the sort of vinyl Adidas holdalls you were embarrassed to have at school, to original punk tee-shirts from Vivienne Westwood's 70s boutique, SEX. The entrepreneurial oddballs behind ACUPUNTUR also manage to cram in their own line of freaky clothes as well as run a record label whose first signing is the charmingly named Walking Abortions. And in contrast to most trendy shops in the West End, the owners actively encourage punters to hang out and use ACUPUNTUR as a place to meet like-minded losers. Our kind of shop, even if we can't even afford a pair of bleedin' socks! ♣







Right: Bondage up yours: an original Westwood shirt.

Left: Own brand: an original Acupuntur t-shirt.

Below: Class of 94: Old school stylee stuff

READERS' LIVES

Our man on the hedge, **Gavin Porter**, brings you another tale of alcoholic excess and Sunday League football...

"I didn't know you could mix vodka with lager," said the outside left.

"Yeah, why not?" said the right back.

"I'm not gonna puke, am I?" asked the outside left in somewhat concerned tones.

This conversation was going on on the other side of a spacious but violently spinning kitchen. I thought it wise not to partake of the alcoholic free-for-all as I was face down in the opposite corner vomiting. My head was out of the French doors into the garden, puke was amassing, I was going to die. Yes, it was half past four in the morning and it was the annual Sunday Football Club end of season soiree. Let rip the bile...

It had all started in the usual way; a late licence at a pub, sad heart-to-hearts amongst grown men – the usual stuff. For example, the 18-year-old centre forward, Giggsy, was out with his girlfriend and another young lady with whom he seemed fascinated.

"She wants to fuck me. She tried it on last night," he said, one pint in each hand. "Do you think I should fuck her?" When I found out that this 'other girl' was in fact his girlfriend's best mate we decided that... Well, of course he should. I advised him that, firstly, he was only 18-years-old so, secondly, it didn't matter as he wasn't likely to spend the rest of his life with his current girlfriend. "I really want to fuck her," he said looking across the room at the two of them.

"See if she fancies a threesome," said our assistant manager, leaning in on the tail-end of the heart to heart.

There were a few awards along the way, you know how it is. Top goal scorer, player of the year, that sort of crap. But the debauchery started around closing time.

"Turn the fucking music off," cried the temporary landlord having kittens. I had given up caring...

"Keep your nipple rings on," I slurred with a drunkenly rolled spliff cocked rogueishly out of my mouth.

"You can't smoke that in here," he screamed. At this point I turned the music up and walked out. When I came back in the landlord was in tears behind the bar. It was his last night in charge. Someone had been sick on his velveteen seats and it had all been too much for Giggsy who had stolen a curtain and was running around outside pretending to be Dracula, until the police nicked him and his two lady friends, that is.

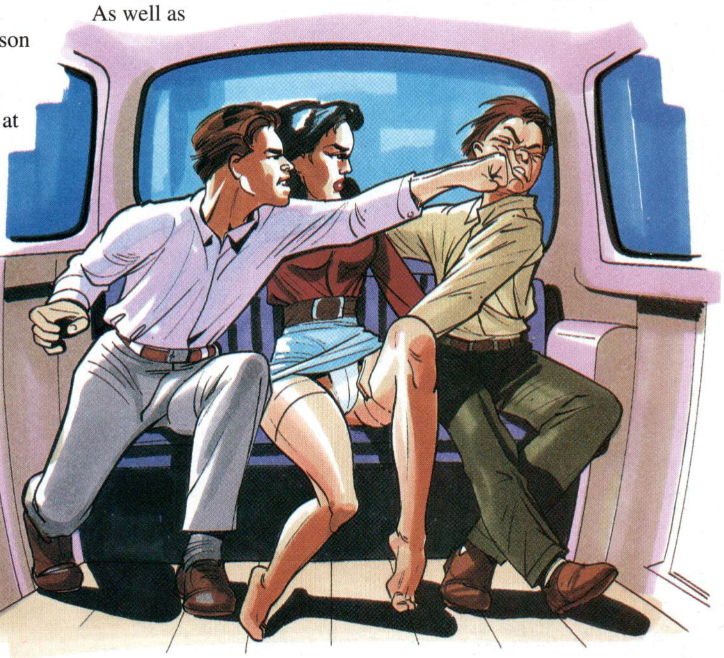
As well as this, the licence ran out at midnight and it was nearly five to one and the sound system was pumping out Robin S. It was time to fly.

I, the drunken squad and some young women had decamped to a nearby bar that stayed open until half past one. I staggered in, having settled up with the previous publican in the mood for trouble. I soon got it.

One of the team knew somebody nearby whose house was empty and he had the keys. What were we waiting for? Not much, for as soon as we had arrived we were off again. As we left this second bar a little scuffle broke out. None of us were involved... Not at the start anyway. However one of the lads took offence at the actions of two bouncers, at which point we were forced to beat them until they ran back inside the bar.

We all squeezed in a fleet of taxis before the police arrived. I was with the goalkeeper. He had already puked up, but he was more preoccupied with the lady sitting next to him. He tried his best to focus and uttered the immortal lines, "Would you like to come back for some rumpy-pumpy?", to which he received the reply, "I've already told you to toss off you sad bastard." He thought nobody knew the young lady. It was my sister. Still on a post-scuffle high I smacked him. Shazzam!

By the time we arrived at the house, I was swapping punches with the goalkeeper, my sister was in tears and the left back was trying to have a nose-up on the rear shelf of the cab. I was dragged out by my concerned team-mates in to the kitchen, still fuming at the keeper trying to chat up my sister. But what the heck, I soon forgot all about it as he found three bottles of Polish vodka chilled in the fridge. I had half a pint. I skinned up my fifty-eighth spliff of the night. It was two o'clock, I felt good, nothing could go wrong. I'm the manager by the way... ♣



"She wants to fuck me. She tried it on last night"

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by Scott Evans,
Jack Harrison, Maria Clarke

Hi there, fellas! I hope that I'm getting your full attention because I have an important announcement to make...

After almost two years of being the regular girl in Club, I've decided to hang up my silk undies, pack away my Wonderbra and take a walk down the aisle with a man who has stolen my heart – and who also happens to be great in bed. Yes, I'm getting married!

Of course, it does mean that I won't be able to appear in Club every month – but I've kept all your naughty letters to remind me of all the fun times I had with you.

I'll never forget my experience of posing in Club and all the lovely letters that I've received. Thanks to every one of you...

As you can see on page 43, I'm leaving you in good hands with Tina. But just before you flick over, I hope you enjoy one last lingering look at some of my most enjoyable photographs. Don't forget, lads, I'll be thinking of you every time I get horny – and you know how often that is! ♣

Lucy x

Lucy

TO
LE

GAME FOR A LAUGH

Inflatable bananas, Rolf Harris lookalikes and corner-flag fetishists... Football fans are a very strange bunch, as **Maurice Short** discovers

June and July are painful months for the average football fan. With nothing certain to entertain him save for weird pre-season friendlies such as Gillingham versus Republic of China 'B'; the unveiling of the team's horrendous new away kit, and the occasional wander down to Piccadilly Circus to shout abuse at German tourists.

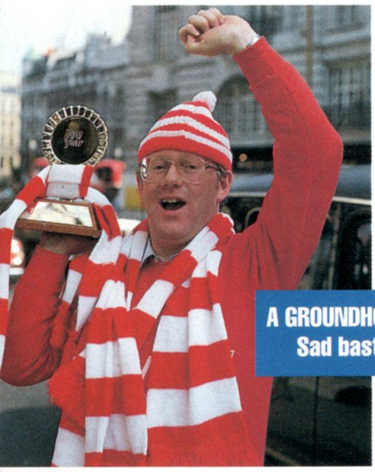
WILL CARLING: About to tuck in to Quorn's latest meat substitute

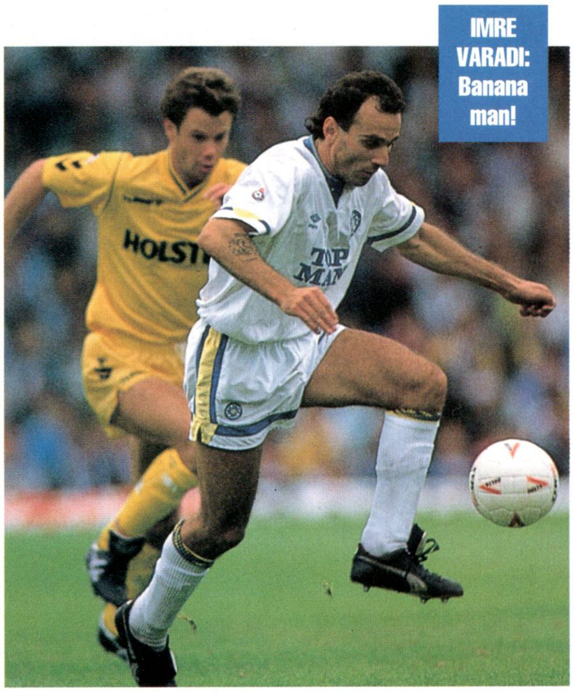
But if things are bad for the normal supporter, how much worse must they be for the abnormal ones? Imagine the agony the close season must be for those sad, anorak-wearing, thermos flask-carrying, meat-paste sandwich-eating wackos known as groundhoppers.

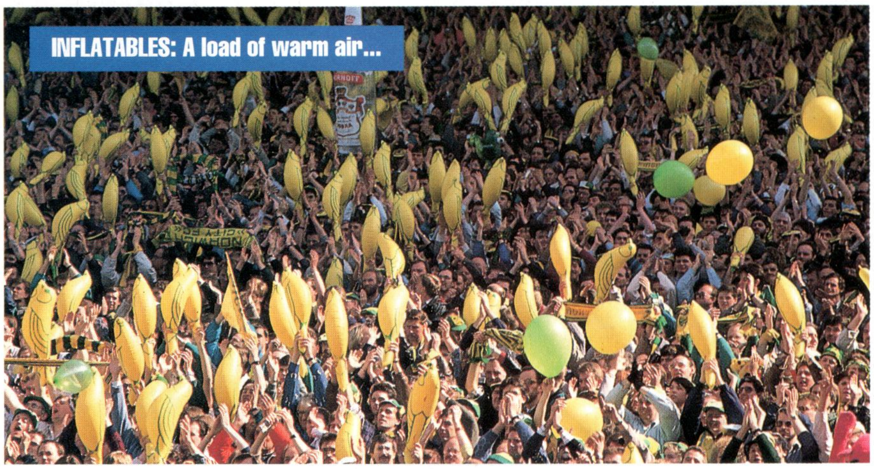
There are few things in sport stranger than the judging of Chris Eubank fights, but groundhoppers are one of them. In case you've never come across these saddos on your travels, I should explain that groundhoppers are to football what trainspotters are to British Rail. Their ambition is to visit as many grounds, League and Non-League, as possible. Last season an item on my regional news network showed one nutter visiting his 100th game of the season. It was November the first!

Such rampant promiscuity is, of course, the total opposite of the behaviour of the average football fan. Most supporters are doggedly faithful to one club. They are monogamous and proud of it. No matter how crap their team is they will still sit and brag about how many times they have seen them that season. In fact, the worse the team play, the bigger the boasting. It is a strange, masochistic boast. Like saying "The food's shit in this cafe, but I come every day anyway", but that is what most fans do. And if they have ever wandered from the straight and narrow they will speak of it as a moment of shame, "Once, you know, when I was on holiday in Spain. It was hot, I'd had a lot of Sangria. It meant nothing. I can't even remember the teams".

Groundhoppers, in contrast, are complete Casanovas. They are bed-post, or rather goal-post, notchers. When groundhoppers get together you can hear them salivating over their notebooks, comparing conquests: "How many have you had? How often? How long did it take?" Once they have entered a ground they lose interest in it. It is the thrill of the chase that excites them.


A GROUNDHOPPER: Sad bastard

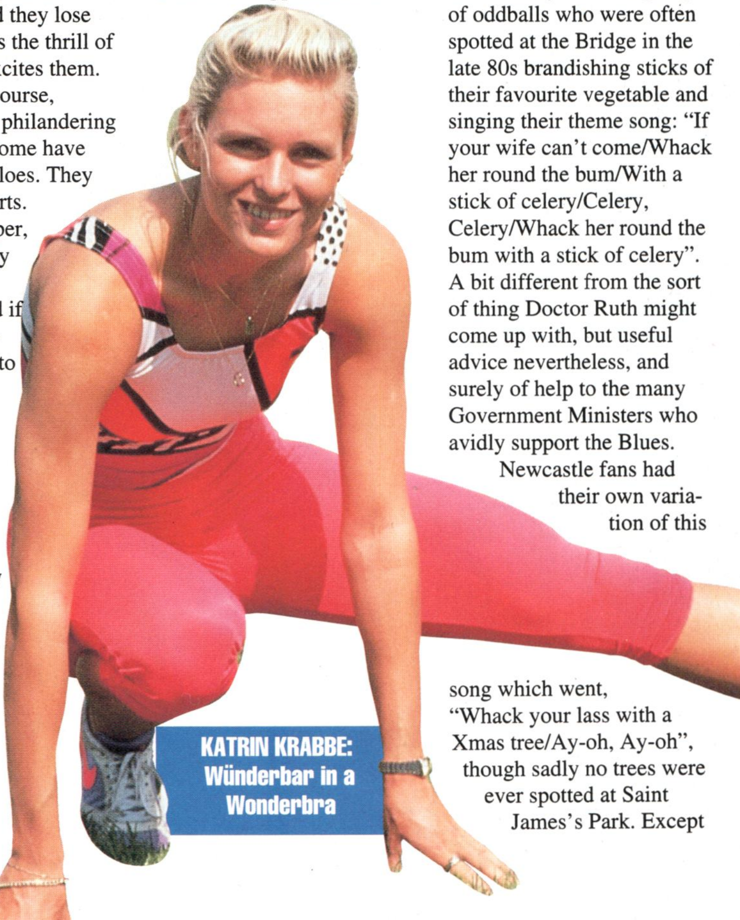

IMRE VARADI: Banana man!


INFLATABLES: A load of warm air...

For some, of course, straight football philandering is not enough. Some have strange peccadilloes. They are soccer perverts. One groundhopper, for instance, only feels able to 'claim' a ground if at the end of the game he is able to go on the pitch and touch the crossbars.

Another is a corner-flag fetishist, photographing a pennant at every ground he goes to and keeping an album of his favourites. At any opportunity he will corner a supporter like you or I and share his secret.

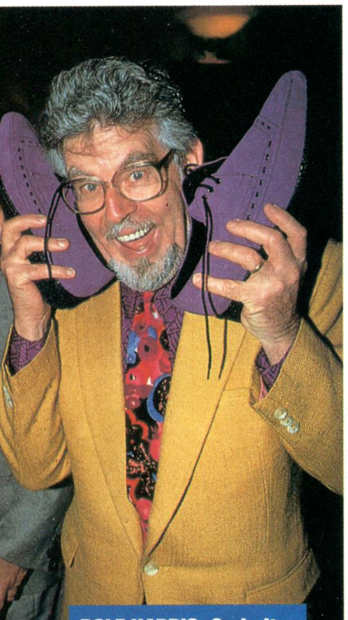
I know what you're thinking: hanging's too bloody good for them.


KATRIN KRABBE: Wünderbar in a Wonderbra

● After the appearance of England rugby captain, Will Carling, in an advert for a meat substitute (no jokes please. I'm sure Will has plenty of meat in his cupboard, it's just that he doesn't always choose to use it that's all), Bill Beaumont in a beer commercial, and Graham Taylor in one for BT (Bad Tactics), you might be forgiven for wondering which sporting personality will turn up plugging some product on our TV screens next. Personally, I just hope Katrin Krabbe isn't tempted into a Wonderbra ad. I think that would be really terrible, don't you?

● Compared to the soccer pervert's behaviour, the wacky antics of other footballing eccentrics seems barely abnormal at all. Chelsea's infamous ICF, for example. ICF stands for 'Into Celery Firm', a group of oddballs who were often spotted at the Bridge in the late 80s brandishing sticks of their favourite vegetable and singing their theme song: "If your wife can't come/Whack her round the bum/With a stick of celery/Celery, Celery/Whack her round the bum with a stick of celery". A bit different from the sort of thing Doctor Ruth might come up with, but useful advice nevertheless, and surely of help to the many Government Ministers who avidly support the Blues.

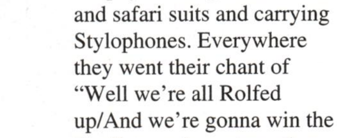
Newcastle fans had their own variation of this song which went, "Whack your lass with a Xmas tree/Ay-oh, Ay-oh", though sadly no trees were ever spotted at Saint James's Park. Except playing in the centre of defence in pre-Keegan days, of course.



ROLF HARRIS: Or is it a Bristol Rovers fan?

During the inflatable craze of the mid-80s numerous supporters' groups brandished large bananas. The first to do so though, were Man City fans. They waved their massive plastic plantains in celebration of the crowd favourite at Maine Road, the much-travelled forward, Imre Varadi. Whenever he got the ball the yellow inflatables would be held aloft and the chant of "Imre Banana! Imre Banana!" would begin. "Harry The Haddock", a shoal of inflatable fish waved by Grimsby fans to the accompaniment of their song, "Sing when we're fishing/We only sing when we're fishing", was another piece of good-humoured stupidity from the same era.

My own favourite oddballs though, were the Bristol Rovers' fans who followed their side's progress to the final of the Leyland-DAF Trophy wearing false-beards and safari suits and carrying Stylophones. Everywhere they went their chant of "Well we're all Rolfed up/And we're gonna win the Cup" caused consternation and amusement. Since then, Rolf Harris has experienced quite an upsurge in his career. If he wants to thank anyone I reckon he should direct his praise in the direction of Twerton Park. ♣



Photographs by Alan Gravener

jacqui

Have you got the stamina to keep up with Jacqui? The 19-year-old hairdresser from Manchester is a self-confessed party animal – and woe betide any man that can't keep up with her...

"I've been described as a human whirlwind," laughs

Jacqui. "But I'm afraid I don't have any time for wimps and I'm not one for half measures.

"When it comes to love, I can't resist a long lingering sex session followed by a sensual massage with oils – and that's just if I'm feeling lazy!

"Any of you fellas reckon you're up to it?!" ♣

continued from page 28

I moved on to the floor in front of him and wrapped my lips around his cock and he load spurted his load down my throat.

Afterwards we headed back to his place to carry on with our filthy fucking. I told my boyfriend that I spent the night at Lisa's flat, but in reality I was getting seriously rogered by Guy. A perfect end to a perfect night! – *Sally, Birmingham*

GIRLS ON FILM!

I couldn't resist writing in to Club to tell you about Linda, a gorgeous redhead I met at a party a few weeks ago. She caught my eye immediately, as she was dressed in a tight-fitting t-shirt and denim shorts and had a very sexy, lithe body.

During the evening, I managed to chat to her and I gave her my phone number, suggesting that we should go out for a drink one evening. I never really expected to hear from her again, but to my surprise she phoned and we arranged to go out for a meal the following evening.

When I picked her up, she was dressed in a white blouse that revealed the top of her breasts and gave the clear impression of her dark nipples through the fabric.

Not surprisingly, I had a constant erection throughout the meal. Afterwards, when I had driven her home, she invited me round the following weekend. I have to admit that I was disappointed not to be going in to her flat that night, but I was overjoyed that she invited me round at the weekend.

I'd never encountered a girl as sexy as Linda before and I can't begin to describe my eagerness for that evening to come around. I was on tenterhooks for days and when the night arrived, she exceeded all my expectations by greeting me at the door in a man's shirt with cut-out sides which revealed her long thighs.

She invited me in and fixed us both a drink, then

continued on page 92

SERIAL THRILLERS

Fancy a nice bit of late-night reading? Well how do tales of serial killers, poetry and panties grab you? **Jake Black** looks at the best zines from the USA

Just recently I was in the West End of London doing the rounds of the shops with a friend. "Can you recommend some interesting reading for me, Jake?"

"Sure," I said excitedly. "Check out the latest Panty Line Fever, Paramour, Venus Infers and Headpress 8. Or, if you're feeling really adventurous, get your jaws around the latest copy of Apology. Now that *is* juicy..."

"What?! I've never heard of any of those!" she exclaimed, looking at me sideways. "Are you sure they exist? You wouldn't be taking the piss would you?" Although I'm the sort of man who is easily pleased by sending friends into HMV and getting them to ask for the new, non-existent LP by Another Strange Cornflake, in this case, I most definitely wasn't taking the piss...

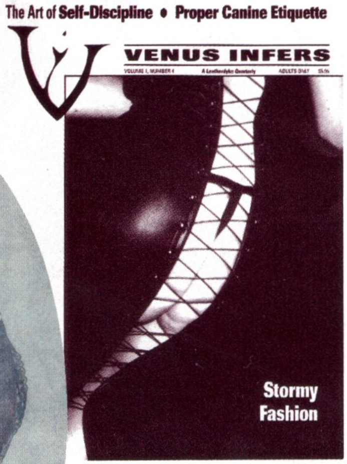
PANTY LINE FEVER
RON JEREMY CLEANLINESS AND HEALTH
DISCRIMINATING SENSIBLITIES
FINE BROADS
FAMILY ADVENTURES
Long Green Cucumbers
AFRAID OF SEX
$4
no.5

All the titles that I recommended to my friend certainly do exist. And they are at the forefront of the 'zine scene' that has been spreading its tendrils over the United States and Europe in the past ten years.

"Ten years? Then how come I've never heard of any of them?" I hear you ask. Don't worry, you're not an uncool, sub-literate moron; the fact is, distribution for most of the zines is just so bad that they're even difficult to get hold of in the specialist magazine shops in London. And if it wasn't for the buyer's guide – *Guide To The Zine Revolution* – most of them would be consigned to wallowing in obscurity (although I suspect that most of the producers of zines wouldn't give a shit, happy just to see their stuff in print and out on the streets).

So for the unenlightened, here's just a small taste of what's available. Small being the operative word, as literally thousands of zines are being put out (published just doesn't seem applicable here) every month. The latest issue of the Buyer's Guide reviewed over 1,300. So here's just a few of the brightest and the best...

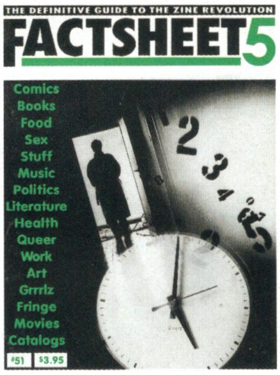
✳ **Paramour** Vol 1 No 2 is a new magazine of 'literary and artistic erotica' in a nicely crafted aesthetic sense. Not as extreme as some of the other zines available, but full of beautiful pics and illustrations. The poetry and fiction are eminently readable, but it's definitely the images that are the highlight. The editorial espouses the maxim 'Think imaginatively, act responsibly' – no dilemma between conscience and imagination here. Sexy vibes just radiate from the pages.


The Art of Self-Discipline • Proper Canine Etiquette
VENUS INFERS
Stormy Fashion

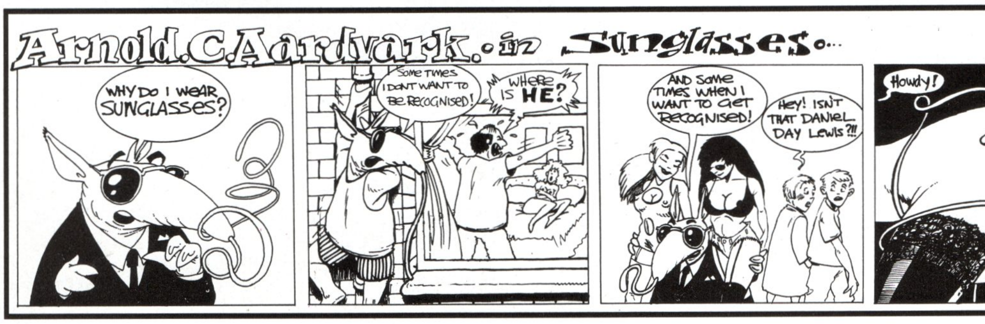
Leather etc...

✳ Heading a little further into zine culture, **Headpress 8, The Journal of Sex, Religion and Death** finds its way through the quagmire of hardcore with wit, style and grace. If Jean Genet *(Who? – The Ed)* were around today, he would definitely be a subscriber, as is William S Burroughs, J G Ballard and many others. The latest issue features a great interview with Steven E Johnson, author of *My Stinking Ass*, a hefty dose of good fiction and a side-splitting effort by Anthony Retkarich on doing it 'doggy style'. A flat-out ballbuster.

✳ I wish I could say the same for **Venus Infers**. I was keen to get my hands on it, but sadly it's a load of old tripe. The usual leather-dyke stuff, piercing tips, crap letters from naughty boys whose mums have found their toys and other such shit. The pics by non-professionals are just annoying, and the news column is mostly plundered from the local (San Francisco) dailies. I could think of a better way to spend £6. Crap.

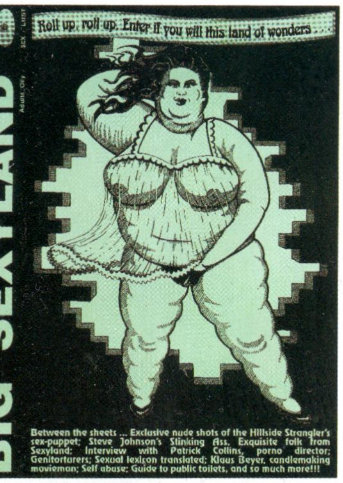

THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO THE ZINE REVOLUTION
FACTSHEET5
Comics
Books
Food
Sex
Stuff
Music
Politics
Literature
Health
Queer
Work
Art
Grrrlz
Fringe
Movies
Catalogs
#51
$3.95

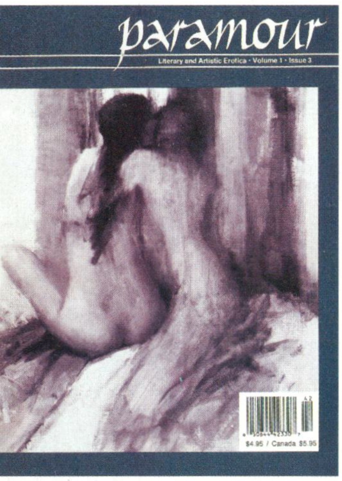
✳ But out of the darkness and into the light, with **Apology**. This is truly inspired stuff. The Apology Line is a free telephone message bank, where people can listen to anonymous messages of secular confessions. The callers are also invited to make their own confessions for any misdeeds. Apology is the rising star of zine culture, having just been featured in the *New Yorker*, *Spin* magazine and on cable television. The lat-


Arnold.C.Aardvark.in Sunglasses...
© 1994 Pads.
WHY DO I WEAR SUNGLASSES?
SOME TIMES I DON'T WANT TO BE RECOGNISED!
WHERE IS HE?
AND SOME TIMES WHEN I WANT TO GET RECOGNISED!
HEY! ISN'T THAT DANIEL DAY LEWIS?!!
Howdy!
OR FOR PROTECTION FROM ULTRA VIOLET..SAY HELLO TO THE PEOPLE VIOLET!!

est issue features an article on the infamous serial killer, Ritchie. Uncensored and no-holds barred – 'Hear it and tell it like it is' run their adverts – and it's quite true. Seriously good.

✱ My favourite of the whole bunch, however, is **Panty Line Fever**. This little rag, whose motto, 'Ass War Not Class War', is the best fun you can have for £3. Laid out in classic zine style, their latest issue is a hidden treasure of bondage fun plus an interview with porn messiah, Ron Jeremy. An essay, 'Singing The Praises Of Godzilla' had me in knots and the b/w photos of scantily-clad cuties were very charming indeed. It's funny, it's sexy and it's juvenile.


BIG SEXYLAND
Adults Only
SEX LUST
Roll up, roll up. Enter if you will this land of wonders...
Between the sheets ... Exclusive nude shots of the Hillside Strangler's sex-puppet; Steve Johnson's Stinking Ass. Exquisite folk from Sexyland; Interview with Patrick Collins, porno director; Genitorturers; Sexual lexicon translated; Klaus Beyer, candlemaking movieman; Self abuse; Guide to public toilets, and so much more!!!


paramour
Literary and Artistic Erotica · Volume 1 · Issue 3
$4.95 / Canada $5.95

Some of the other zines to look out for are *Blue Persuasion*, *Skin Trade*, *Hand Hobs*, *Gray Areas* and *Future Sex*. They're all badly printed, the jokes are okay and they're outrageously overpriced. But hey, they're fun – and that's the best part...

All zines are available from Forbidden Planet, 71 New Oxford Street, London, WC1A 1DG ♣

introducing tina

Photographs by Maria Clarke

Calvin Klein
Calvin Klein
Calvin Klein

Calvin Klein
Calvin Klein

"I'm rather new to posing nude for a men's magazine, so you can imagine my surprise when the Editor reckoned I had what it took to become Club's regular girl! I have to admit that Lucy Halloran is a hard act to follow, but I'm certainly going to try my best! First of all, let me tell you all a little bit about myself. My name is Tina Hayes, I'm 19 years old and I live in Brighton. I went to college there and I trained in photography, although I have to say I prefer being in

front of the camera rather than behind it! Being asked to appear in Club each month, fulfilling your naughty fantasies and dressing up (and down!) is a dream come true for me. It was a friend of mine on my college course (female, if you must know!) who first suggested that I should pose nude and, although I was a little bit shy at first, I was amazed at the results! I can hardly wait to peel off my clothes each month in Club – and I think you can see my excitement when you look at this first set of pictures. I thought I'd

Calvin Klein
Calvin Klein

start off in a favourite little fantasy outfit of my own and slipped into my ballerina costume, but for next time I want to hear your suggestions – the naughtier the better! – on how you'd like to see me in Club.
I can't wait to get started, so please get those letters in to me at the usual address. I really hope you like these what you see, but believe me, this is just the start of a very good thing! Wish me luck, and I'll see you all next month."♣

Look out for Tina's first full feature in Volume 23 Number 9. You can write to Tina at 2, Archer Street, London, W1V 7HF – but if you want a personally signed photograph, please include a large stamped, addressed envelope.

club tina

have me every
month - in Club!
love Tina
xx

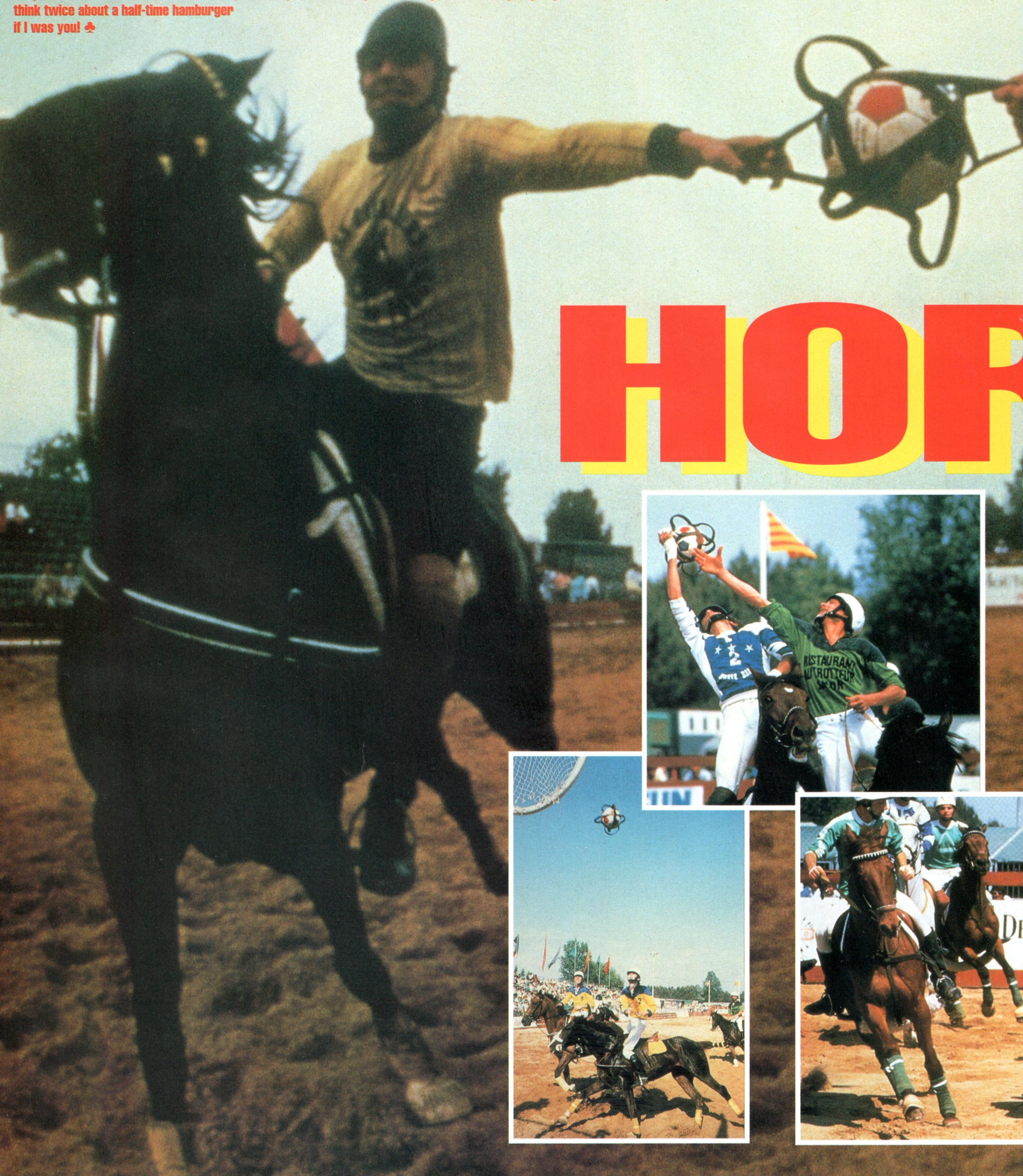
HOR

A mixture of basketball and rugby on horseback. It's enough to give you the galloping hee-bee-gee-gee-bees!

Those well-off stallions of the sporting world who reckon they're dead hard 'cos they play polo should try their hand at Bozkachi. A combination of basketball and rugby on horseback played by Ghengis Khan's Mongolian hordes, the teams used a dead goat as a ball. The Argentinian gauchos still play a version called Pato, though, naturally, they don't bash a dead goat around the pitch. They use a dead duck instead. And now, it's the turn of the French (presumably using an English lamb – The Ed)...

Although the French version is less cruel to animals (a ball with leather handles replaces the goat or duck), it is no more kind to humans. Whilst death in Horse Ball is rare, play gets decidedly dirty as the two teams of five try to get the ball through a basket ten feet from the ground at either end of a 60-yard pitch. Handling, punching and wrestling are encouraged – and the French players regularly practise against British truckers on their days off.

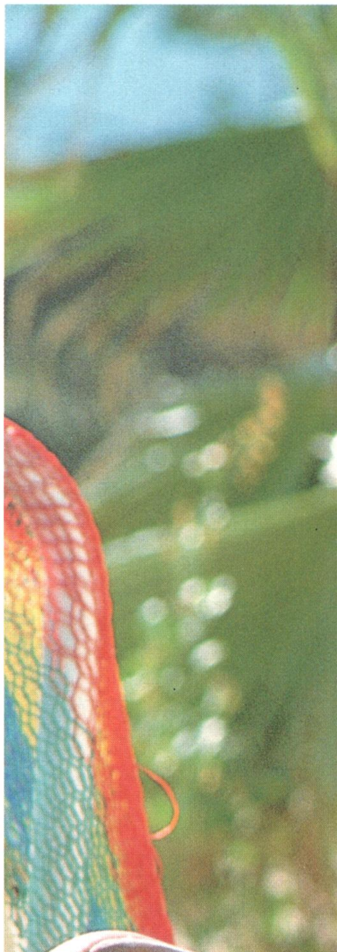
Injuries to the horses are common too, resulting in some being shot. So if you're thinking of going to France to watch, I'd think twice about a half-time hamburger if I was you! ♣



RSE
PLAY

patsy

Photographs by Jim Shelley



Nineteen-year-old Patsy Smithson lends new meaning to the term 'Hot Rods' because whenever she's around, men's engines rev till they red line... "But I'm strictly only a one-owner kind of girl!" laughs the beautiful blonde. "If I'm involved with a man then I treat him in the same way as I treat my car — like my prized

Vehicule Afiliado A

possession.

"When he comes home at the end of the day, I'll wash away his troubles and then rub him until he comes up like new!" ♣

talkin'

blue

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

GIRLS ON TOP!

Now that the holiday season is upon us again, I thought that I'd write into Club and tell your readers of my sexy exploits last summer. They have to be the most horny adventures under the sun...

My best friend, Andrea, is the ultimate wild child. She's only just turned 18, but is a total party animal. If I told you that there's nothing unusual about her dancing on tables in pubs with no top on and her ample tits jiggling about for all to see, then that might give you some idea of what she's like!

Not that I'm complaining. At last I've found someone who can keep up with my own mischievous and naughty nature! To be honest, I thought I was the only girl in town who thought it was fun to give a bloke head under the table in a club, or to get caught in somebody's headlights while getting shagged up against our local park gates! Not any more. We swap tales about our fucking exploits like some girls swap make-up hints!

So I knew that when we booked a holiday to one of the Greek islands last summer, things were going to get pretty hot! In fact Andrea got things off to an early start by getting acquainted with a couple of lads from Newcastle who were on the same flight as us and she ended up disappearing into the toilets in the airport for a quick shag with one of them!

By the time we were on the plane, Andrea was bursting to tell me all about it. "His cock was so big that I didn't think I'd get him all the way in," she giggled naughtily. "But he was so good at fingering my little minge, he soon made me nice and wet."

I have to admit to a twinge of jealousy as I thought about her getting rogered before our plane had even left the ground! I felt so horny and turned on that I couldn't help myself and nipped off to the loos at the back of the plane, pulled my panties to one side and frigged myself to satisfaction. I decided there and then that I wasn't going to be out done in the sexual stakes by Andrea when we reached our holiday hot-spot.

The apartment looked fine; nice and tidy – as was the chap on reception, an innocent-looking young guy in his late teens who looked like he could be taught a thing or two in the sack!

Once we'd unpacked, Andrea decided she would take a little walk to find out what the local bars and clubs were like, so I decided that this give me a chance to get a head start on her – quite literally!

I wandered up to the reception area and made a complaint about the lack of towels in our room. The young man looked very apologetic and said he would be down at once.

Back in my room, I made sure that my skimpy shorts and bikini top would give him the right impression and when there was a knock at the door, I let him in. He handed me a pile of towels and asked if there was anything else I needed. I simply nodded, pushed the door closed, dropped to my knees in front of him and started to slowly unzip his trousers.

When I glanced up, the look on his face was a picture.

I tightly gripped his shaft and opened my mouth in anticipation. His tool was long and thick with a bulging purple head and I greedily nibbled his hairy balls and then licked my way up the underside of his shaft. I could feel his body jerk as I ran my tongue around his bell-end and then sucked his cock into my mouth.

He closed his eyes tightly as I wanked him and sucked hard, then flicked my tongue quickly over his sensitive glans. "I want you inside me," I drawled sexily, standing up and letting my bikini fall to the floor. I lay back on the bed and began lightly running my fingertips over my breasts, making the nipples stand erect. I parted my legs invitingly as my new friend quickly undressed and then moved onto the bed on top of me. I gripped his shaft and guided him into my sticky hole. He eased his thick cock slowly inside me, then started fucking me with a vengeance.

I wanked him and sucked hard, then flicked my wet tongue quickly over his sensitive glans

Just as I felt the first swell of what promised to be a major orgasm, the door opened and in walked Andrea. Talk about getting caught *in flagrante*!

"Well, what have we here?" she laughed wickedly. Before I had a chance to answer, she began moving towards the bed.

"Don't be selfish, Di," she purred sexily. "You know I don't believe that rubbish about three being a crowd!" And with that she peeled off her shorts and top and jumped onto the bed. Our lover just grinned and got back to servicing my pussy, while Andrea sat at the end of the bed and stroked his balls as they slapped against my bum. Within minutes he came, grunting furiously as his load spilled inside me. As he rolled off and laid there in the afterglow of his orgasm, I suddenly felt Andrea's tongue working around my hole, licking at his creamy come.

Well, that was it. We were at each other like the two-crazed sluts we are. I've never had lesbian sex before, but as I felt Andrea's wet tongue noisily slurping at my swollen pussy lips, I knew that it wouldn't be the last time!

The whole night turned into a rampant session of filthy lesbo fucking that would certainly take some beating. Our Latin lover just sat in the room watching as the two of us licked, sucked and fucked each other until we were completely shagged out! I don't think that he had seen anything quite like it, judging by the look on his face – and the way he was furiously wanking that lovely, thick cock of his! – it was something he won't forget in a hurry! – *Diane, Preston*

FLASHING BEHAVIOUR

My name is Jenny and I have to confess that I'm a bit of an exhibitionist. I guess you could call me a flasher for want of a better description, and I'll certainly bet that there are plenty of men out there who just love the idea of a slim, long-legged 21-year-old with a 36D bust who gets sexually excited by revealing herself to them.

It all started about a year ago when my friend Louise and I were having dinner in a posh restaurant in the centre of town. I was wearing a very tight-fitting dress, stockings and suspenders. I never wear knickers when I'm dressed up, it just doesn't feel right! Anyway, we'd had a few glasses of wine and were laughing and joking when Louise suddenly leant over and made a gesture with her eyes. "You see that bloke over at the other table," she gestured to a nearby table. "I swear he keeps looking up your dress!" I have to admit that I hadn't noticed him up until then, but I kept my eye on him and, sure enough, he was definitely trying to get an eyeful. Far from being offended though, I started to feel quite turned on at the thought of this complete stranger eyeing me up. I had the idea of teasing him, so I slowly parted my legs to allow him a better view of my naked crotch.

The guy was absolutely transfixed as I crossed and uncrossed my legs. Louise had sussed out what I was doing. "You dirty bitch!" she squealed excitedly fixing me with a wide grin. I slowly inched a hand down between my legs, then casually started to rub the delicate bud of my clitoris.

I found myself getting increasingly aroused – and then I came! I've never come as fast as that before and I had to bite my lip to stop myself from letting out a scream! I quickly composed myself, then we paid the bill and quickly left!

I slowly inched a hand down between my legs

The two of us were in stitches as we recalled my lewd behaviour on the way home – I just couldn't believe how sexy and in control I had felt. Although I didn't dare confess to anyone – not even Louise – I knew that there would be more of that behaviour in the future!

That time came about six months later, when I was clubbing at one of my favourite haunts. I had seen this particular guy there on a few occasions and found myself flirting with him a lit-

WAITRESS WANTS YOUR COCK UP HER 010 592 249 778 & 010 852 172 62554

PAM LICKS SUE, WHILE SUE SUCKS YOU
010 592 249 780 & 010 852 172 62556

LISTENER'S LETTERS WANK OVER THEM NOW
010 592 249 781 & 010 852 172 62557

I F**ED TWO GUYS IN THE GENTS
010 592 249 782 & 010 852 172 62558

I'll Wank Your Cock
010 592 249 792
& 010 852 172 62 568

Gay Boys Will Wank You
010 852 172 62 792

ORAL SEX SPURT IN MY FACE
010 592 249 779
& 010 852 172 62 555

I'LL USE MY DILDO YOU WANK YOUR COCK
010 592 249 790 &
010 852 172 62566

Shave My Pussy then Poke me !!
010 592 249 791 &
010 852 172 62567

UNCENSORED HARD CORE SEX PARTY
010 592 249 788 &
010 852 172 62564

SHAFTED OVER THE DISHWASHER
010 592 249 783 & 010 852 172 62559

NURSE WILL LICK YOUR WIFE'S CLIT
010 592 249 784 & 010 852 172 62560

RAM IT UP MY TIGHT HOLE
010 592 249 785 & 010 852 172 62561

HEAR ME MASTURBATE MYSELF
010 592 249 786 & 010 852 172 62562

F**ED BY TWO BIG DICKS
010 592 249 787 & 010 852 172 62563

AFTER 2.00am STIFF COCK SPECIAL
010 592 249 789 & 010 852 172 62565

SORDIK PO Box 475 SW4 6QB 010 calls cost 84p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE & £1.04 AT ALL OTHER TIMES

SPANK MY PERT ARSE 010 852 172 62570

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU WANK
010 852 172 62571

INSERT MY DILDO UP MY FANNY
010 852 172 62572

YOUR COCK BETWEEN MY LIPS
010 852 172 62573

LET'S MASTURBATE TOGETHER
010 852 172 62574

F**K ME FROM BEHIND
010 852 172 62569

SPUNK ALL OVER MY FACE
010 852 172 62575

HORNY 19yr OLD WANTS KINKY SORDID SEX
010 852 172 62577

BABY SITTER WILL WANK YOU
010 852 172 62576

SORDIK PO Box 475 SW4 6QB 010 calls cost 84p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE & £1.04 AT ALL OTHER TIMES

ORAL SEX spunk in my face
010 592 249 793

GET IT OUT & RAM IT UP ME
010 592 249 794

HEAR ME MASTURBATE
010 592 249 795

AFTER 2.00AM WET FANNY ACTION
010 592 249 767

LESBIANS DILDO ORGY
010 592 249 799

ALAN 8" SUCKS DAVE 6"
010 852 172 62793

WAITRESS GIVES TIT WANK
010 592 249 764

I'LL USE A DILDO YOU WANK
010 592 249 797

SISTER-IN-LAW WILL WANK
010 592 249 765

TWO NURSES WANT SPUNK
010 592 249 798

VIRGIN WANTS IT DOGGYSTYLE
010 592 249 766

SORDIK PO Box 475 SW4 6QB 010 calls cost 84p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE & £1.04 AT ALL OTHER TIMES tle bit, but nothing more. He was always there with various girls in tow and this just made me even more curious about him. I decided that I had to find out more about him and watched him intently all evening as the girl he was with attempted to keep him interested. I could tell he was bored with her, so I seized my chance. I sat at a table directly opposite the two of them, and whenever he glanced over I made sure that I held my legs open long enough to guarantee a tantalising glimpse of my naked pussy. Sure enough, he noticed almost immediately, but kept his cool admirably while the girl clung tightly to his arm.

I got up and headed towards the ladies toilets, knowing that he would follow me – which he did! Without saying a word, I beckoned him into the ladies loos and we darted into a cubicle.

We kissed passionately, then I hitched up my skirt and pushed him down to the floor. He watched intently as I gently parted my swollen cunt lips and then thrust my hips forward onto his mouth. His tongue darted in and out voraciously and I arched my head back to wallow in the pleasure of it all. This man was an expert, and I felt a sudden surge of juices well up inside me as my orgasm exploded all over his face.

My knees buckled under the force of my orgasm and I dropped onto the seat in front of him. I had my hands on the side of the cubicle to support myself as he unzipped his trousers to release his cock and held it proudly in his hands. It was a fine specimen, at least nine inches long. I opened my legs wide as he aimed for my pussy hole. I was so wet he slid in easily, then he gently started gliding back and forth filling my hole with his entire length. I looked down to see his glistening shaft sliding in and out of my tight hole, then I reached down and tugged on his balls as he increased the pace to a blur. It was only a matter of minutes before his hips jerked and he loudly announced that he was coming. He quickly pulled out his cock, then directed an arc of sticky spunk all over my stomach and pussy mound. I reached down and rubbed the warm, salty liquid into my skin. I felt deliciously sluttish as I moved my hand to my mouth and licked his cream from my fingertips.

I reached down and pulled my lips apart and then furiously frigged myself

After a few minutes, we left the club and headed back to my place to get better acquainted. Jamie and I have been together ever since...

That was over six months ago, but Jamie was always intrigued by the fact that I was confident enough to come onto him in the way I did. Now he likes me to flash at other men when we are out together, just to see what their reactions are when a beautiful woman exposes her naked pussy. I have to admit that it always turns me on and sometimes, if I'm flashing at a good-looking bloke, I'll go a little bit further...

The last time that happened was when I spied a really dishy fella in a restaurant. I'd spent all night flashing him glimpses of my wet pussy, then I reached down and pulled my lips apart and frigged myself. The poor bloke disappeared into the toilets and looked thoroughly exhausted when he came out again five minutes later!

The next thing I want to do is give another woman the benefit of my pussy. It'll take some nerve to do it, but if I'm successful and it leads – as I hope! – to a hot sexual escapade, I'll be sure to let you know! – *Jenny, Leeds*

HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

NUPTIAL NUDES!

I love a wedding... the pomp and ceremony, the celebration and the great big party afterwards! You can't go wrong. Especially when the best man was as good-looking as the bloke at the last wedding I attended.

My best friend, Helen, had finally decided to tie the knot after more than a few years of wild partying. I have to admit, I was really glad that the chief bridesmaid wasn't expected to make a speech. I don't think the guests would have been too impressed if I'd regaled them with tales of Helen and I giving two lads an open-air blow job on Southport beach, Helen wanking herself off in a public telephone booth for the benefit of an old boyfriend on the other end of the line, or the time when Helen and I ended up in the same bed making love one drunken night!

Whatever, her husband-to-be, Jerry, was a really nice guy (hung like a horse, apparently!) and Helen had been faithful to him throughout the two years of their relationship. Not that I was jealous or anything, it just meant that there was a greater choice of fellas for me to fuck, which was fine with me!

The service went without a hitch and the only problem I had was keeping my eyes off Mark, the best man. I'd only ever met him briefly once before, but I'd had a crush on him ever since. He was tall, with dark hair, blue eyes and a deliciously wicked grin that suggested that he'd be game for anything!

I dropped to my knees and greedily took his cock into my mouth

By the time the speeches had come around, we were all pretty tipsy on champagne and my pussy was starting to ache for a good length of Mark's cock. I started fantasising about what it would be like to take his thick cock all the way to the back of my throat, his pre-come coating my tonsils as I sucked his length hard, my tongue working expertly on him until he shot his load deep down my throat. I was getting very flustered indeed as he made his speech and I had to leave the room on the pretence of going to the loo.

Once I'd slipped the bolt across the cubicle door, I hitched up my flowing dress, pulled my sheer, black knickers to one side and plunged two fingers deep into my cunt. I started to frantically work my clitty, hoping that I'd be able to bring myself off quickly so as not to arouse suspicion. Well, the mere thought of getting rogered by Mark certainly helped in that department and with a few expert flicks of the tips of my fingers, I came with such an intense rush that my knees almost buckled under me!

I returned to the hall where Mark was still keeping everyone highly entertained with his speech and settled back down into my seat, feeling more satisfied – but definitely damper.

When the speeches ended and everyone broke up to start the evening's festivities, Helen came up to me and grinned knowingly. I had already confessed to her in the past how I'd often slip off for a quick wank if I was feeling particularly horny. "I could tell that you were going off for a quick one!" she giggled, the champagne having obviously gone to her head. "That's because you fancy Mark, isn't it?"

I hardly had time to utter an answer when the bloke in question came bounding over with a glass of champagne for me. "You look like you need something stiff," he grinned.

After a couple more drinks and some pretty innuendo-laden chat, it was obvious that the two of us wanted the same thing – and that was some good, dirty sex!

As I had a room booked at the hotel, it seemed a good idea to make use of it. I moved closer to Mark, kissed him on the cheek and then ran my hand over the bulge in his trousers. "Let's make ourselves scarce for a while, shall we?" I suggested. We slipped upstairs without anyone noticing that we had disappeared.

As soon as I got into the bedroom, I locked the door behind us and then pushed Mark up against the wall. I reached down and unzipped his trousers and out popped the dick I had been fantasising about not an hour earlier!

I teased Mark a little by running my hand up and down the shaft of his prick, pulling the foreskin back slowly, before I dropped to my knees and greedily took his cock into my mouth.

The salty taste was delicious and I happily worked away at his swollen bell-end, savouring the drops of pre-come that were oozing from his cock.

I slowly moved my head up and down, my lips gliding over the hard flesh and I felt Mark tensing up, ready to unleash his load. I quickened the pace and within a few seconds Mark came with a shudder, his creamy spunk shooting inside my mouth with such force that it took me by surprise. He had so much come that it began to seep out of the sides of my mouth and dribble down towards my chin. I used my index finger to wipe it off and then I thrust the same finger into my mouth, not wanting to waste a single

drop of his precious come.

I looked up at Mark, who had his eyes tightly closed and a blissful expression on his face, but then I noticed that his cock was still as solid as a rock! I didn't think it was possible, but Mark explained he's always been blessed with the ability to stay hard – even after he's come three or four times! I pulled him towards the bed and began to pull down the straps of my dress, but Mark put a firm hand over mine. "Keep the dress on," he said. "I want to fuck you with it on!" At that moment I'd have happily worn wellington boots and a mac, provided I got the benefit of Mark's cock.

I hitched up my dress and bent down over the bed with my bum high in the air while Mark quickly slipped off my knickers and then stood for a second admiring my bum.

Then with his hands on my hips, he slowly eased his cock inside my wet hole. It felt incredible as he worked his cock inside me, grinding back and forward.

"Wow, you've got a gorgeous pussy," he kept telling me as he vigorously fucked me. It's not as though I can't take a compliment, but at the moment I was too pre-occupied to make a comment, focusing instead on the electric sensations that were pulsing through my cunt.

After about ten minutes of frantic fucking, Mark came deep inside me and I felt the hot rush of my orgasm tearing through me. I collapsed face down on the bed with Mark still inside me, exhausted but satisfied.

He slowly eased his cock inside my wet hole

We lay there in a daze, then I realised that someone was knocking loudly on the door. It was my friend, Angie, who was a bridesmaid too and who was sharing the room with me. "Err, hold on," I shouted frantically. "I'll be with you in just a minute!" Mark quickly slipped his cock out of me and I pulled my dress back down to my knees and then went to unlock the door.

Angie waltzed in and, by the look on her face, she had a pretty good idea of what had been going on. Her eyes shot to the floor and then she bent down, asking, "Do these belong to anyone?" as she held up my knickers!

"I thought friends were always supposed to share things?" she grinned, casting a glance over at Mark who was standing there grinning wildly. Well, I'd had my fun, so I didn't see why I should deny Angie...

"Go ahead," I giggled. "But I want to stay." I settled back into the armchair and watched as Angie took off her dress and stood in the middle of the room wearing nothing but knickers, bra, stockings and suspenders. Mark must have thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't going to miss an opportunity like this and he dropped to his knees, slipped off her knickers and buried his tongue deep into her snatch.

The sight of my friend being eaten out by the same guy who I had just fucked was a real turn-on, so I simply pulled my skirt up again and decided that I should

give myself just a little bit more pleasure and I buried my fingers into my pussy.

Angie had Mark's head in her hands now and he was pushing his tongue into her hole and was groaning with pleasure. When she finally allowed him to stop, she lay back on the bed and guided Mark's dick deep into her wet slit. Mark began pounding away and as I worked at the aching bud of my clit, I couldn't help but wonder where one man got so much spunk from! He even seemed to have energy to spare!

Angie was urging Mark on now, practically screaming the place down as he finally came with one massive thrust and delivered his load deep inside her. As she thrashed around on the bed in the throes of orgasm, I worked harder at my own clitty and came with a deep, warm feeling of satisfaction.

When we had all managed to compose ourselves a little, we decided that we should join the party.

I don't know whether anyone had noticed that we had been missing, but certainly nobody was about to let on if they did. Everyone except Helen, that is...

As soon as she saw me, she came over and asked if I'd shagged Mark! When I nodded she asked me what he was like, demanding every detail. "I'm a married woman now," she explained. "I can only listen to other people's tales!" Once I had relayed all the details, Helen could hardly contain herself – but was called away by the other guests.

I decided to get back into the mood and downed a few glasses of champagne. It was a great party with everyone getting more and more drunk as the evening went on and it looked as if there were other couples following our lead and sneaking off upstairs! It wasn't so much of a wedding as an orgy!

He eagerly buried his tongue deep into her moist snatch

As people started to drift away, I ended up talking to Nigel, a handsome guy who I had noticed earlier on at the church. We got on well, and he seemed to be attracted to me. "Err, I hear you're a good friend of Mark's," he said. "He tells me you're very, err, accommodating. Is that right?" I could already feel my knickers starting to dampen at the prospect of my second salacious encounter of the day.

"Wouldn't you like to find out?" I drawled, my hand reaching down and rubbing the evident bulge in his trousers and nodding towards the stairs. "After you...!" *– Alison, Leeds*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike

TWICE THE FUN!

I've always known that I'm bisexual and, to be honest, I can't think of any other way that I'd want it! From an early stage of my sexual life, I was bedding both guys and girls – and whenever I could, both at the same time! I've never met a man who could resist the sight of me tongueing out another girl's snatch or kneeling down to draw some lacy panties off with my teeth while my eager fingers probed her wet pussy. It's practically guaranteed to have a bloke shooting his load in seconds!

Because of my looks I've never had any trouble getting sex from either men or women. I'm what you might call a statuesque blonde. My inside leg alone measures 34 inches, and my bust is bigger still. With curves in all the right places, I know I look good and I really enjoy flaunting myself. My hair reaches down to my waist, so I look very feminine; but funnily enough I'm attracted to very slim and petite women, usually redheads or brunettes. When it comes to fellas, I'm a little less choosy – anything goes, so long as he knows what to do with his cock!

What I'm writing to tell you about is something that happened to me about two months ago. The house next door to mine has been on sale for about a year now and I'd thought it was going to be on the market forever when I noticed a lot of comings and goings there. It seemed that a married couple in their thirties had bought the place and were renovating it before they moved in. I have to admit that I was pretty curious about what they'd be like and when they moved in I wasn't disappointed...

The husband, John, was a hunky-looking builder and his wife was gorgeous! She was just my type; small with lovely slim legs and a perfectly rounded bum. I made sure that I was as friendly as possible to both of them and within a couple of months we had become firm friends.

Julie is a nurse and works odd shifts, so I found that I was spending a lot of time chatting to John. I could tell that he quite fancied me, but he was always dropping hints that he would never be unfaithful to Julie and I kind of liked that. But that wasn't all he told me... Soon we were getting around to discussing each other's sexual fantasies and that's when I told him that I loved having sex with women as much as with men.

"In fact," I confessed. "I haven't screwed a guy for ages – I'm going through a real women-only phase at the moment."

John's eyes nearly popped out of his head and he started questioning me about what two women got up to in bed together; how they sucked and fucked each other to orgasm and how each woman could come as many times as she liked.

I must admit that I was getting more than a little turned on myself as I revealed my sex life to him. And that was when John confessed that he'd always wanted to see Julie in bed with a woman, but that he was too shy to admit it to her. "I don't know what she'd say if I suggested it," he told me. "She can be quite inhibited at times."

Of course, from there it was only a short step to admitting how much I fancied Julie. John was almost drooling as I confessed how I'd lain in bed at night for weeks fantasising about seducing her. I don't know why I was so shocked when John then suggested that I did seduce his wife!

My eager fingers probed her wet pussy

We planned it right there and then. John told me when Julie was next on night duty, so I knew that she'd home during the day. I said that I'd get her round to my place on some pretext or other and then I'd take things from there. I didn't know if he planned to watch or not, but I was just going to get him to go with the flow.

I could barely contain my excitement when I finally did entice Julie around to my place. She was looking absolutely gorgeous in a pair of skin-tight jeans and clinging tee-shirt. We started idly chatting as I opened a bottle of wine, then when we finished that, I started having almost the same conversation with Julie as I'd had with her husband just days before. I took a deep breath before my big confession... that I fancied women and had had as many girlfriends as I'd had boyfriends.

I was gobsmacked when Julie started questioning me really closely – she was even more interested than John in what two women did together in bed! I decided to come clean with her...

"Actually, Julie," I told her, "I really fancy you and I'd love the chance to show you what two girls can do together. It would be far more interesting than just telling you about it..."

I think I took her by surprise, but she didn't object as I reached across and started kissing her neck; lightly nibbling her warm flesh between my lips and running the tip of my tongue down further. Julie soon got the hang of things, though, her hands immediately went under my top and she started caressing my rounded boobs as she moved my body so that we were both lying full-length on the sofa. I started to strip her but I had a bit of a struggle with her jeans as they were so tight. She wasn't wearing any knickers under them and the tangy aroma of her pussy juices wafted out as I pulled them down to her ankles and off over her shoes.

I couldn't stop myself from going down on her and when my tongue snaked its way up to her wet cunt, I shivered as I orgasmed. We uncoupled then and she looked a bit embarrassed at her behaviour; but at the same time I could tell she was incredibly aroused. She started explaining how John was always trying to persuade her to get involved in a threesome with a woman, but how she'd always resisted because she thought she wouldn't enjoy lesbian sex.

"But I couldn't have been more wrong," she grinned as I helped her to get dressed, checking out of the corner of my eye to see that John had gone. She then suggested that perhaps we could...

...I had to put her out of her misery then. I confessed that John had told me all about his fetish and then I really took the plunge. "I'd love to do this again," I told Julie. "Your body's a real turn-on and you can't deny that you've enjoyed yourself. But why don't we let your husband join in next time? It'll be more than worth it..."

Julie agreed and when I called John later to fill him in on every second of my encounter with his wife, he was ecstatic. Neither of us could wait to get together

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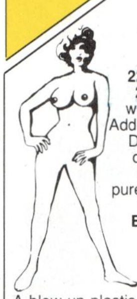

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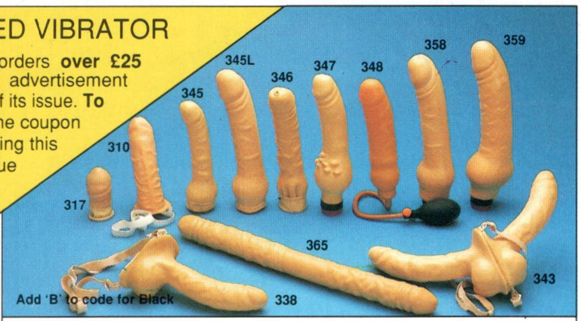

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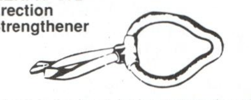

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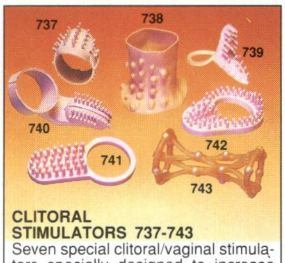

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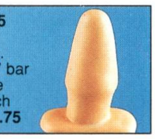

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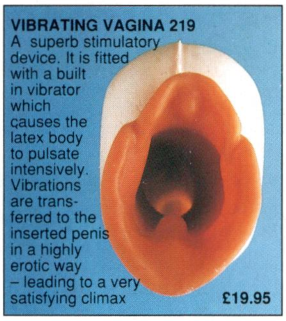

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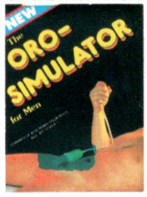

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again and thankfully we didn't have to wait for long.

John called me up the next week, saying that Julie had a night off and was waiting for me to come around and teach her the next stages of girl-on-girl sex. I was there in minutes and my heart was pounding with anticipation as Julie opened the door to me wearing just an apron and nothing else. She didn't seem to care that anyone could have seen her pussy hair peeping out from beneath the apron, or that her boobs were on show.

She knelt between my thighs and started to lap up the juices from my cunt

She led the way to the bedroom where John was waiting, lying back on the bed naked. It was the first time I'd seen his cock and I must say that I was surprised by its size and the way it curved as it rested all stiff and throbbing on his stomach. I told them that they could do what they liked with me; I was just going to be theirs for the night! "I want to see Julie give you orders," John told me. "Just do what she says – pander to her."

I pulled off my dress so that I was just standing there in my stockings and suspenders. The cream silk looked great against my skin, and I heard John draw a breath as he saw my body close up for the first time. I could tell that he was thinking about having his hands and tongue all over me because his cock hardened even more in front of my eyes. I could feel my cunt juice up under his scrutiny.

Julie ordered me to kneel down in front of her and lick out her cunt. She was dripping wet before my tongue slid in and I teased her with it, working up and down her slit and in and out of her pussy hole with short, sharp strokes rather than plunging right in. I could feel her knees buckling as she felt her climax rising inside her, but she didn't give in to it right away. Her pubic mound bucked against my mouth as I stretched my tongue inside her as far as it would go and her hands gripped my head hard as she started to come. I could hear her moans as her juices dribbled out into my mouth.

John was stroking his cock watching us as I surfaced and I knew what Julie was going to tell me next. "I want you to suck his cock until he comes," she told me, lying on the bed next to her husband, "but don't let him come in your mouth..."

I did as she told me, cradling John's balls in my hands as I licked down his shaft. I could taste the come juice leaking out of the eye of his cock and his balls kept on twitching as I licked along a sensitive spot, but he held himself back pretty well. "He's almost there," Julie breathed. "Now get his cock inside you!"

I crouched on the bed and steadied myself by gripping the duvet with my toes as I held my cunt lips open ready to take in John's cock.

"Let me do that," Julie offered and her fingers parted my pussy lips and held them as far apart while I eased John's length right into me. He heaved a deep sigh as he slid all the way up me and I let him take the pace. He rammed me hard with that cock and I have to admit that I was begging him to do it even harder, to fill me right up with his meat.

Eventually, I couldn't stop the tension from building up inside me and when I started to come I grabbed the base of John's cock and pushed it in and out, feeling him start to spurt just as my orgasm began. What a feeling, as his hot spunk flooded my pussy and mingled with my juices.

And Julie had been able to see everything too, which had really turned her on. "Now let me go down on you," she told me. I lay down next to John and now it was his turn to watch as she knelt between my thighs and started to lap up the juices from my cunt – mine and her husband's.

We couldn't just leave it at that, of course. John, Julie and I have been enjoying regular threesomes since then and now we're thinking of persuading another couple that they know to join in our randy antics. When we do, you can bet I'll be letting Club readers know all about it! – *Sara, Dulwich* ♣

laura

Ravishing redhead, Laura Anthony, likes the simple things in life – with no frills, even on her underwear. Plain white panties are her favourite and if you prefer stockings and suspenders, forget it!

"I'd like to think that my sexuality comes through without having to dress up," says the 22-year-old Londoner. "I love sex, but

---

**Photographs by
Ralph Medland**

a good-looking guy in a linen suit who can kiss well will get my juices flowing far quicker than a groper in leather trousers!"

Anything else?

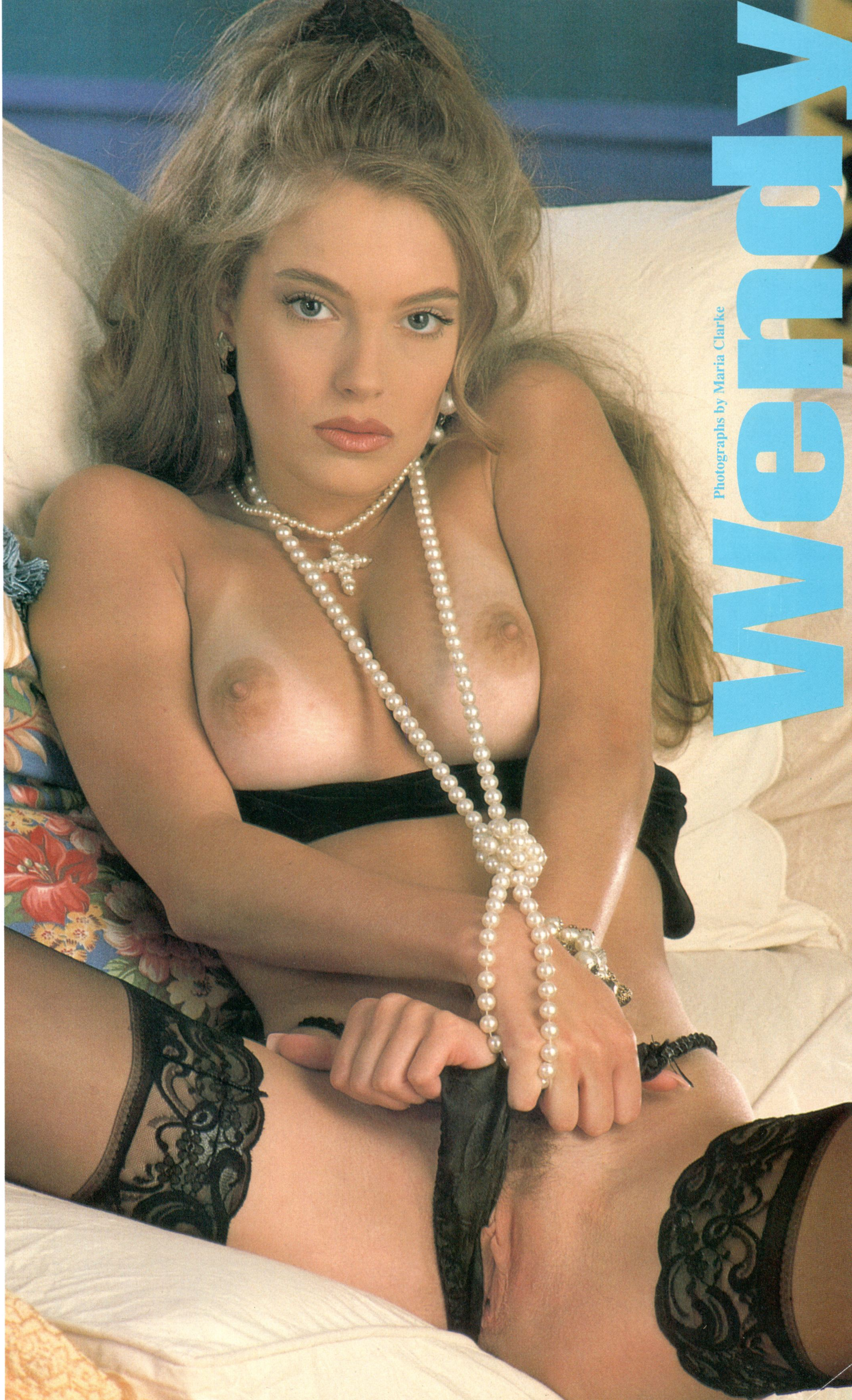
"Yes, I love those long summer Sundays, kissing and gently making love in a wood or a field.

"Any takers?"

Plenty, Laura, plenty! ♣

Wendy

Photographs by Maria Clarke



Wanna play around in Wendy's house? That's what is on offer from our tempting temp from Tunbridge Wells! The 19-year-old has had her one-bedroomed flat on the market for over a year now, with no takers...

"I keep on getting handsome young men around to view the flat," reveals Wendy excitedly. "But I'm afraid they're more interested in my fixtures and fittings!

"By the time we reach the bedroom the only surveying

being carried out is a close inspection of my pussy as I grind it into some lucky fella's face!

"To be honest, I'm not interested in selling anyway," confesses Wendy naughtily. "But if any man wants to make me an irresistible offer – then I'll certainly give it very careful consideration!" ♣

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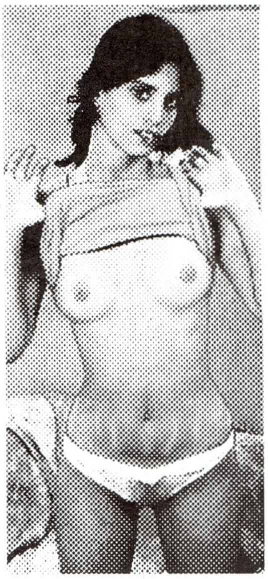
Video 1: Shelly - Featuring a 26 year old single mum, 5'3" tall, short blonde hair, big tits, nice pussy, name of Shelly. She answered an advertisement written on the wall of the ladies toilet cubicle in a railway station. The handwritten note offered accommodation in return for companionship and light duties. Shelly couldn't believe her luck, she rang the number and immediately went round, took the room but did not realise what was wanted from her side of the bargain (once a week sex with the landlord). In this video we watch as Shelly makes the ultimate sacrifice, she can hardly bring herself to do it but unless she f**ks him she's out. The landlord says "pull up your dress, drop your drawers and do it with me!" She sits on his crotch and he tries to manoeuvre himself up her, but she's too dry. He pulls her towards his mouth and licks her , using plenty of spit to get her wet. She tries again and he's in first time, they do it, she enjoys it and comes back for more- it goes on from there. **The Video's yours for only £18.95.**

Video 2: Claudia the Student Slapper - A shy reserved girl from a strict West Indian chapel background, Claudia throws off the shackles of her upbringing when she gets to University. Every time she goes out for a drink with the rest of her crowd she's anybody's. Well, it wasn't long before her easy access through drink led her to our doorstep and the world of hard core videos.

That's why we had to give her a couple of stiff ones before we started making this one. Now, she was very willing and cooperative in every way but I've never seen a girl used like this before. She just laid there and let it happen. This certainly seemed to turn on the male model, who used her in every way, even her mouth and then let it splatter all over her pretty impassive black face. Do me a favour, once you've enjoyed seeing Claudia get bonked, let me know if you think she really enjoys nookie - I'd value your comments.

You can have Claudia on Video for only £18.95

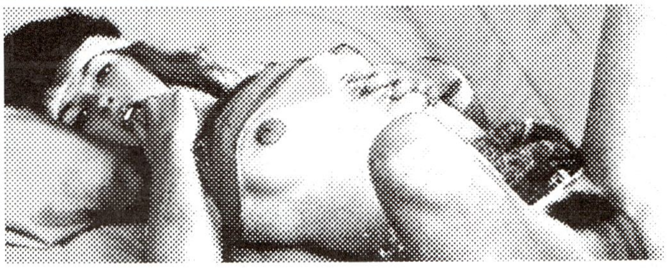


Video 3: Shunta - If you're turned on by Pakistani women this is the video for you - real Asian sex. Shunta is married with four children (witness the stretch marks for yourself). It could be why she's able to take the really big guys without even wincing. For hard cash she will do whatever someone asks, especially when it comes to sex - that's how she gets her kicks. Yes, this Pakistani lady s**ks and f**ks allowing up to 3 men to make full use of her body and loving it. She insists on them wearing a condom, but you'll soon see them being whipped off along with her Sari and they spray all over her which she promptly rubs into her skin. On this video, you can witness Shunta being given a good seeing to by her 'new white men friends', listen to her pant and groan as she is serviced by three men at a time, one right inside her, one orally and one receiving manual relief. This is a must for all Pakistani women fanciers, more power to Shunta's elbow (and other parts). Shunta we love you...!

So can you when you get the Shunta Video for just £18.95.

Video 4: Maureen the Nurse - Yes, Maureen's a nurse, and we all know about Nurses. Like the rest of her profession, she is woefully underpaid and... you guessed it, she supplements her wages with bits of paid video nookie. She has a terrific pair of boobs and she made a great f**k video - if you're into nurses, you're in for a treat. Just seeing her move her body is a wonderful experience, never mind all the other things she does with it. She gives terrific head on 8" of Robin's meat and 4" of his girth. If you like seeing oversized members dipping into young women and their eager mouths, this is the video you've been looking for. Seeing this lovely, bubbly little nurse get it from a total stranger is such a turn on. She is done in every conceivable position and the Stud goes into a complete frenzy as he gropes for her every orifice. It's all true, Nurses like a bit of fun - and best of all, they're very clean! Judge for yourself, when you see this video.

Maureen the Nurse can be all yours on Video at just £18.95.



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I'LL TOSS YOU OFF 0338 402 498

HORNY 19 YEAR OLD WILL SUCK SPUNK 010 239 120 65 11

LIVE ONE TO ONE SERVICE 0374 555 117

INSERT A DILDO IN MY FANNY 0374 555 118

SHAVE ME THEN SHAG ME 010 239 120 65 17

LET ME SUCK YOU OFF! 010 239 120 65 10

WIFE WANTS TO SUCK YOU OFF 0374 555 119

YOUR MEATY COCK IN MY WET LIPS 0338 402 779

INTERNATIONAL SEX GIRLS
010 239 120 65 14
SPUNK CLUB
010 239 120 65 15
010 239 120 65 16
(Calls cost £1.39 per min)

SHAG ME HARD 0338 400 773

I'LL WANK YOU TO CLIMAX 0898 654 133

FINGER MY PUSSY 0338 400 811

LIVE ORGY ACTION

0374 555 118 0374 555 120
0374 555 119 0374 555 121

0374 Calls cost between 75p & 199p max per min

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LIVE ONE TO ONE SEX CLUB 0374 555 130

3 FINGERS UP MY FANNY 0374 555 128

PUMP ME FROM BEHIND 0338 403 097

PUMP ME FROM BEHIND 010 239 120 65 25

COME OVER MY TITS 0374 555 126

IN MY MOUTH AND UP MY PUSSY 010 239 120 65 24

CLIMAX CLUB 0374 555 127

ORAL SEX SPUNK IN MY MOUTH 010 239 120 65 26

GET YOUR STIFF COCK OUT 0338 402 791

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DIRTY LESBIAN SEX 0374 555 105

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I'LL SUCK GIRLS 0374 555 107

SHAVE & LICK ME.....0374 555 108

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0374 555 100

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010 239 120 65 02

Use My Hand
0338 405 505

Ram it up me
010 239 120 65

I love it Doggy Style
0338 405 512

Wet Pussy
0898 654 139

Let me sit on it
0338 405 582

Come in my panties

NEW

I'll Make you Cum
0338 405 555

SHAVE ME THEN SUCK ME
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I'll Suck Your Friend While You Stick It Up Me
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I'll Cover You In Amber
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MY MOIST FLAPS OVER YOUR FACE	816
ON YOUR KNEES, IT'S SPANKING TIME	812
THREE GIRL BLOW JOB	817
W**K AND CUM OVER MY FACE AND TITS	813
HIGH HEELED STOCKING CLAD LESBIANS LICKING SESSION	818
LICK MY LEATHER BOOTS CLEAN WORM	814
SHE MALE MADE TO BEG	819
820	DILDO MY EVERY HOLE
825	ENEMA RELIEF FOR YOU
821	MANDY MAKES LYNN SCREAM WHILE SHE F**KS HER WITH HER RUBBER PENIS PANTS
826	I'M THE BOSS, DO AS I SAY, NOW
822	ME AND MY FRIEND WILL SUCK YOUR MEATY HORN DRY
827	TAKE MY HOT PUSSY OUT OF THIS PVC
823	DEBBIE & JULIE SCREWING WITH THEIR STRAP ON DILDO
828	TVS SUCKING AND F**CKING SESSION
824	I'LL MAKE YOUR ARSE STING
829	I'LL SWALLOW EVERY DROP OF YOUR AMBER NECTAR

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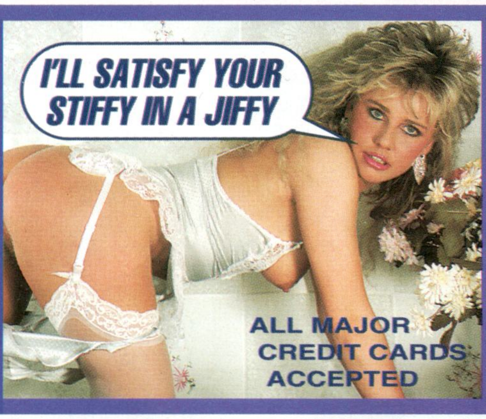
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KATIE & LOUISE STUDENTS (MANCHESTER) PERFORM THEIR FIRST LESBIAN ACT
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SEAN & JACKIE (CANTERBURY) ENJOY F**KING IN EVERY POSITION AND BEING LISTENED TO
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YOUNG FEMALE SOLICITOR (LONDON) TALKS DIRTY WHILE FINGERING HER FANNY
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CAROLINE SCREAMS WHEN HER BOYFRIEND RAMS HIS 9 ½" DICK UP HER
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HELEN 23 (GLOUCESTER SCHOOL TEACHER) SPANKED AND F**KED BY BOYFRIEND
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GIRL FINGERING HER FANNY ALONE IN HER BEDROOM
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CHRISTINE & SUSAN (LEEDS) LICKING, FINGERING AND DILDOING EACH OTHER
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SEND RECORDINGS TO PO BOX 1823 N18

ASIAN GIRL (BIRMINGHAM) TAKING IT HARD FROM BEHIND
010 592 249077

JOANNE (WIMBLEDON) STICKING A NOISY VIBRATOR DEEP INSIDE
010 592 249080

SEX STARVED HOUSEWIFE (SHEFFIELD) BEING LICKED OUT ON ALL FOURS BY HER BEST FRIEND
010 592 249069

FRENCH AU PAIR SECRETLY RECORDED HER EMPLOYERS IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR BEDROOM
010 592 249081

STUDENT NURSE MASTURBATING IN FRONT OF MIRROR WHILE HER BOYFRIEND WATCHES
010 592 249073

GORGEOUS VIRGIN (PHOTO PROVIDED) FINGERING HERSELF TO ORGASM
010 592 249082

LONELY 45 YEAR OLD WOMAN (DERBY) RECORDED NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR GIVING HER A SHAFTING
010 592 249075

GLORIA (NEWCASTLE) HAVING KINKY SEX WITH HER TV HUSBAND
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2 LESBIANS (BATH) SPANKING THEN PENETRATING EACH OTHER
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010 592 249084

I'LL LICK THEN SUCK YOU DRY
010 592 249087

WANK WHILE I DILDO MY FANNY
010 592 249085

I'LL MAKE YOU THROB AND SHOOT YOUR LOAD
010 592 249088

WATERSPORTS

WARM AMBER SHOWER
010 592 249092

DEBBIES WET KNICKERS
010 592 249089

I'LL SHOWER YOUR FACE AND BODY
010 592 249093

EMBARASSING ACCIDENT
010 592 249090

WARM & WET FROM HEAD TO TOE
010 592 249094

MULTI JET SHOWER FOR GREEDY MEN
010 592 249091

LESBIAN SEX

YOUNG LESBIAN INITIATION
010 592 249097

CLAIRE DILDOS CHARLOTTE
010 592 249095

2 GIRLS LICKING AND FINGERING TO CLIMAX
010 592 249098

18 YR OLD SEDUCED BY OLDER WOMAN
010 592 249096

LYN & TRACEY USE DOUBLE ENDED DILDO
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COMMON AND *BIZARRE FETISHES*

JILL GETS 6 STROKES OF THE CANE
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PRIVATE FEMALE NOISES
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WANK BETWEEN MY TITS
010 592 249752

2 GIRLS ADMINISTER CP
010 592 249757

SMELL THEN WEAR MY KNICKERS
010 592 249750

SPANK ME RED AND SORE
010 592 249755

MASTURBATE WHILE I SPANK YOU
010 592 249753

THRASHED FOR USING MADAMS KNICKERS
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TV PANTY SECRET
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LICK MY RING
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I'LL DILDO MYSELF WHILE YOU WANK
0105 9224 9010

THRUST INTO ME HARD FROM BEHIND
0105 9224 9017

TWO GIRLS, ONE LICKS YOUR BALLS, WHILE THE OTHER GIVES YOU HEAD
0105 9224 9016

YOUR COCK UP MY HOLE
0105 9224 9018

HEAR ME MASTURBATE TO A FRENZIED CLIMAX
0105 9224 9011

SPREAD MY LEGS AND RAM IT UP ME
0105 9224 9014

30 SECOND EJACULATION
0105 9224 9015

PENETRATE FIRST MY MOUTH THEN MY FANNY
0105 9224 9020

SHOVE IT UP ME AND SHOOT INSIDE
0105 9224 9013

SHAFT MY TIGHT WET FANNY
0105 9224 9021

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU WANK
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0105 9224 9022

DEBORAH (CHELSEA) FINGERING HER FANNY WHILE DESCRIBING GIVING HEAD
0105 9224 9033

AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRL INSERTING A CUCUMBER AND FINGERING HER BOTTOM
0105 9224 9048

HOUSEWIFE (BRIGHTON) MASTURBATING ALONE
0105 9224 9029

YOUNG STOCKING CLAD NURSE (HATFIELD) MASTURBATING ALONE
0105 9224 9055

RECORDED BY TWO LESBIANS (SHEFFIELD) USING A DOUBLE ENDED DILDO
0105 9224 9052

ANONYMOUS HOUSEWIFES FRENZIED CLIMAX WITH A DEODERANT BOTTLE
0105 9224 9039

WENDY (CHESHIRE) SHAGGED DOGGY FASHION
0105 9224 9046

KATIE (19), SHAVED AND F**KED
0105 9224 9025

RECORDED BY AMANDA WHO LOVES COCK FROM ALL DIRECTIONS
0105 9224 9042

TRACY (ESSEX) RECORDED HAVING SEX WITH COUPLE NEXT DOOR
0105 9224 9053

JACKIE AND PHIL, LIVE ORAL SEX (WATFORD)
0105 9224 9031

18YR OLD LOUISE, SPANKED AND F**KED BY OLDER SISTERS BOYFRIEND
0105 9224 9049

INGRID AND HANS (GERMANY) HAVING SEX DOGGY FASHION
0105 9224 9044

BARBARA DESERVES A SPANKING, HER BOYFRIEND AGREES
0105 9224 9035

MANDY (LONDON) IS LICKED TO CLIMAX
0105 9224 9026

SPANKED IN UNIFORM (SANDRA, LONDON)
0105 9224 9037

RECORDINGS PLEASE TO PO BOX 1299, LONDON N18

SAMANTHA (LANCASHIRE) RECORDED FRANTIC, GREEDY SEX WITH HER BOYFRIEND
0105 9224 9054

JOANNE AND CHRISTINE (LEICESTER) TAKING TURNS WITH THE VIBRATOR
0105 9224 9056

STRICT HUSBAND SPANKS HIS WIFE (GLAMORGAN)
0105 9224 9028

DEBBIE (LIVERPOOL) LICKING AND SUCKING TWO MEN
0105 9224 9043

ASIAN GIRL (ANONYMOUS) BENDING OVER AND FINGERING HER FANNY FROM BEHIND
0105 9224 9051

ANNA (WINCHESTER) F**KED BY WELL ENDOWED MAN 9"
0105 9224 9036

MARIA (ITALY) IS SHAFTED FROM BEHIND
0105 9224 9023

18YR OLD UNDERGRADUATE (CHESTER) MASTURBATING TO A SCREAMING ORGASM
0105 9224 9047

TWO COLLEGE GIRLS STRIPPED AND CANED
0105 9224 9032

MELANIE AND SINDY (GLASGOW) SHAGGED BY NEIGHBOUR
0105 9224 9038

TWO HOUSEWIVES SEDUCING AN 18YR OLD GIRL
0105 9224 9027

SARAH (CARDIFF), TIED, SPANKED AND SHAGGED
0105 9224 9034

42 YR OLD HOUSEWIFE (MANCHESTER) FINGERING HER FANNY
0105 9224 9030

TWO GIRLS (LONDON) DILDOING EACH OTHER
0105 9224 9041

FRENCH 20YR OLD WAITRESS BEING SHAGGED
0105 9224 9024

HELEN SPANKING TINAS BARE BOTTOM
0105 9224 9045

FROM JILL (CHATHAM) HAVING SEX WITH HER BOYFRIEND
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RAM IT UP MY FANNY 0105 9224 9061	TASTE AND SWALLOW IT ALL UP 0105 9224 9065
I'M BENDING FOR YOUR DICK 0105 9224 9057	I'VE A FULL BLADDER ALL FOR YOU 0105 9224 9063
GRAB MY TITS ANS SHAFT MY HOLE 0105 9224 9060	MY WARM LIQUID OVER YOU 0105 9224 9066
DEBBIE MASTURBATES SALLY 0105 9224 9058	I'LL SPRAY YOU WITH MY P**S 0105 9224 9064

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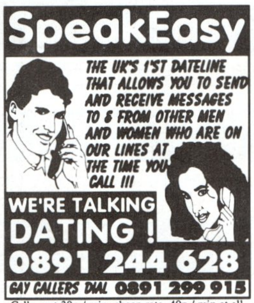

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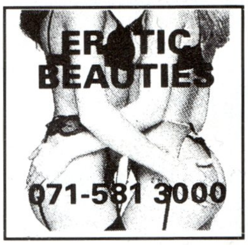

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in the bag

continued from page 42

when she sat beside me on the sofa I became aware that she wasn't wearing anything underneath the shirt. I gulped down my drink then Linda asked if I'd like to watch a video.

Before I had the chance to say anything, she picked up the remote control and set the video running...

The opening shot was inside a bedroom. The door slowly opened and in walked Linda! I turned to her immediately and she explained that she shared her flat with another girl, who was operating the camera.

I watched excitedly at the action unfolding on the screen. Linda started a slow, sensual strip to the camera and revealed her fantastic body; slim with large firm breasts, pointed nipples and a thick mound of pubic hair.

She moved on to the bed and opened up her legs, running her fingers up the inside of her thighs. The camera zoomed in to a close-up as she dipped a single finger into her pussy and started to frig herself. The sight of this sexy woman bringing herself to a climax had me feeling turned on.

I turned to Linda. "I can hardly believe what I'm seeing here," I gasped, "but I know I like it!" Linda grinned, then cuddled up to me as her hand reached to undo my trousers and she lowered them to my ankles.

She took hold of my stiff cock and slowly wanked me, then let go momentarily to move my hand to her pussy which was already feeling warm and wet. We stayed like that, gently rubbing each other as, on screen, Linda climaxed again, her screams filling the room as she came.

I turned towards her and reached out to turn off the remote control. Kissing her passionately, I quickly unbuttoned the rest of her shirt. Her nipples were dark and erect and I gently sucked one, then the other, while Linda pulled my clothes off until we were both naked on the sofa.

She pushed me back and then sat astride me, moving her wet cunt lips over my prick and spreading her wetness over me. I thrust upwards, marvelling at the tightness of her pussy. Linda lifted up slowly and then rammed back down on me – it felt incredible. She reached down and rubbed her clitoris, her breathing becoming more heavy until she was on the verge of coming. She speeded up the pace now, rocking up and down on me until my cock exploded and I came deep inside her.

My cock jerked and Linda's pussy held me tight inside her, it was the most intense sexual experience I've ever had. We lay back on the sofa, then Linda started the video. "You're in for a treat," she purred.

The action resumed, only this time there was another girl on screen. "That's Joanne," she said, "my flatmate."

Joanne was lying back on the bed as Linda knelt beside her, licking up the inside of her thighs. I watched excitedly as Joanne opened up Linda's pussy lips and plunged her tongue deep inside. As I watched, Linda moved her mouth to my prick and began sucking me back to hardness. She slowly drew her tongue along the underside of my prick and then tickled my balls with her tongue until I couldn't bear it a moment longer. "I've got to fuck you again," I cried.

Linda moved herself above me and, gripping my cock between her fingers, she lowered herself to take me inside her once again. By this time the action on screen was hotting up; Linda and Joanne were fucking each other hard. Linda then moved my fingers to her pussy and I eased a finger inside her as I fucked her in earnest. She came quickly and as I continued thrusting upwards, she started having orgasm after orgasm.

Although my attention had moved from the video to Linda, the sound of her and her girlfriend coming loudly soon distracted me. I glanced at the screen to see that Linda had on a strap-on dildo!

Linda was in a state of frenzy now; her cunt was wet and her juices were pouring out and coating my thighs.

continued on page 98

IN AND OUT

This months Milligans and Smiths

IN	OUT
Delsey clutch bags	Bulgy pockets
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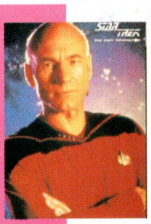
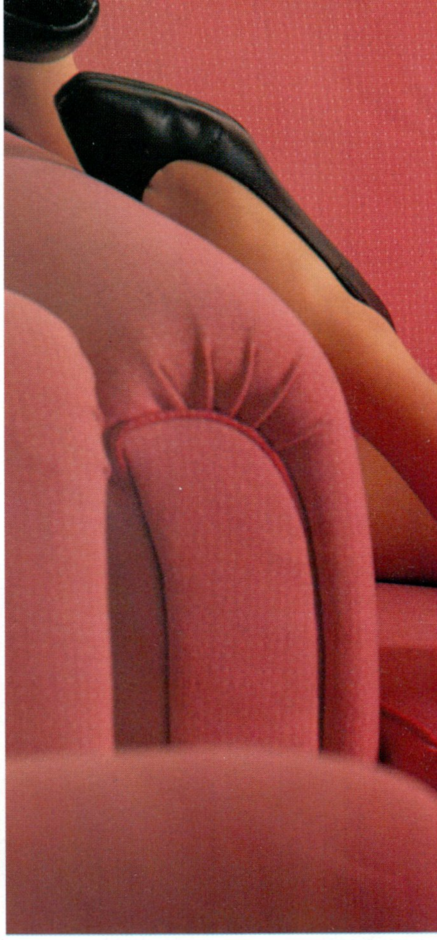
Brian Little	Roy McFarland
Nice people	Richard Littlejohn
Beer from the freezer	The winter♣



Janie

Photographs by Bob Twigg

If Janie looks like she has a naughty glint in her eye, you'd better believe it... And it comes from knowing that just 24 hours before these pictures were taken she was celebrating her eighteenth birthday. "The first thing I wanted to do was pose in Club,"



she told us excitedly. "I had a great big party, then left early to make sure I was at the studio bright and early..."

With the pictures taken and the results speaking for themselves, Janie is packing up and heading off. "Someone made me an offer I couldn't refuse," she purrs cryptically. "I'm heading off to a land where the sun never sets, the living is easy and the only thing that's frosty is the beer."

Sadly, if we want to see more of Janie, we're just going to have to head out to the West Indies. It's a tough job, but someone's got to do it... ♣

COMING IN club

INTERESTING JUGS!

Interesting jugs, indeed! That was the opinion of Club Art Editor, Rod Edwards, when he clapped eyes on this sneak preview snap of Miranda's tremendous twin set from the next issue of Club. And although "interesting" may not be the first word that springs to your mind, we're sure you get Rod's drift, i.e. this is one big mutha pair of moon balloons that could keep you and your best friend happy for a month, which is, coincidentally, about the same amount of time you'll have to wait till you can get your hands on the next issue of Club. Interesting, eh? Indeed.♣

Volume 23 Number 9 on sale August 11th

in the bag

continued from page 92

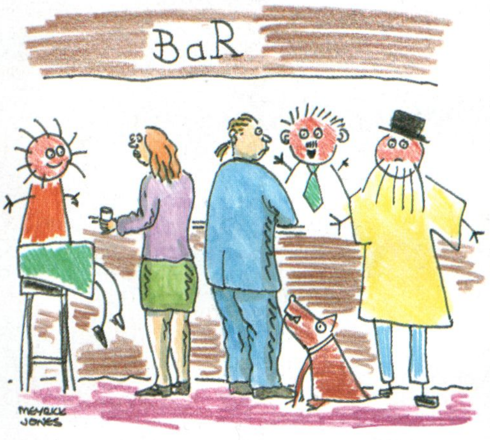
"Do me doggy style," she panted, dropping onto the floor. I eased my cock inside her as we both faced the screen and fucked each other hard.

"I'm coming," I grunted, pulling my cock out and spraying my load all over her bum cheeks. We fell into a heap on the floor as the action on the screen came to a finish too – talk about perfect timing!

Linda has promised that I'll get to meet Joanne in the flesh soon – and she'll bring a video along to record our threesome for posterity! I can't wait... – *John, York*

NAUGHTY NIGHT NURSE

My name is Adrian, I live in Tunbridge Wells and there are a couple of student nurses living in the flat above mine. I've become quite friendly with both of them, but particularly with Jane, a pretty brunette with shoulder-length dark hair and a very shapely figure.



I expect you Londoners find us a bit unsophisticated

Last weekend her flatmate had gone away for the weekend and Jane asked me if I could take a look at her car, as she was having some trouble getting it started. I soon found the problem, but had to consult the manual which was on the back seat under a pile of folders. As I pulled the manual out, one of the folders fell open and out fell a few photographs of Jane.

I was pleasantly surprised to see that they showed her in some pretty hot poses. Some of them showed her nude, some showed her wearing very sexy underwear. My cock was soon as stiff as the gear stick!

I was just admiring one picture that showed her kneeling on a rug with her legs wide apart, when Jane came out to see how I was getting on. I put the photos away, but realised she must have seen me looking at them.

When I'd finished working on the car, Jane invited me in for a cup of coffee. We chatted idly, but I have to admit that my mind was on the photos and the sight of her pert breasts. "Did you like those pictures of me?" she asked suddenly, "I do a bit of modelling now and then..."

A wide grin spread across her face. "Ooh, I'm getting quite excited knowing that you've seen my naked body," she purred sexily. "Would you like..." and she started unbuttoning her uniform.

Jane was wearing a black lace bra which cupped what looked like a well-rounded pair of 36Cs and a very scanty pair of matching black lacy panties. Her uniform fell away and she stepped out of it. She undid her bra, then cupped her breasts in her hands and ran her fingers over her erect nipples. "C'mon then," she urged me. "I know you want to kiss them..."

I moved towards her and I ran my tongue over her boobs and then sucked the warm flesh into my mouth. Jane was obviously aroused and started clawing at my clothes, easing off my shirt and pulling my trousers down to my ankles. As my prick sprung free, Jane ran her soft fingers along my shaft and clasped my balls. "Nice and thick," she giggled. "Just the way I like 'em!"

She slipped her panties off and stepped out of them. Standing with her legs apart and with her hands on her hips, she thrust her hips forward and I could clearly see the mound of her pussy standing proud. "Let's go up to the bedroom," she said.

We fell on to the bed, kissing and exploring each other's body. I slipped her stockings off and ran my hands over her legs. "Fuck me," she gasped excitedly, "with me on top."

I lay back on the bed, propped against a pillow, and Jane straddled me and slipped her warm pussy over my thick cock. She worked her pussy lips expertly against my rod and her tits swung free where I could caress and kiss them. We fucked frantically and then Jane threw her head back as an orgasm pulsed through her. I pushed hard up inside until I climaxed, my cock spurting wildly and filling her with my come. We collapsed back on to the bed, thoroughly exhausted.

Jane even gave me a couple of snaps to keep after our afternoon together, but she hinted that she's going to get some new photos done soon... And guess who she's asked to take them? Me! I'll send them into Club when they're done! – *Adrian, Tunbridge Wells* ♣

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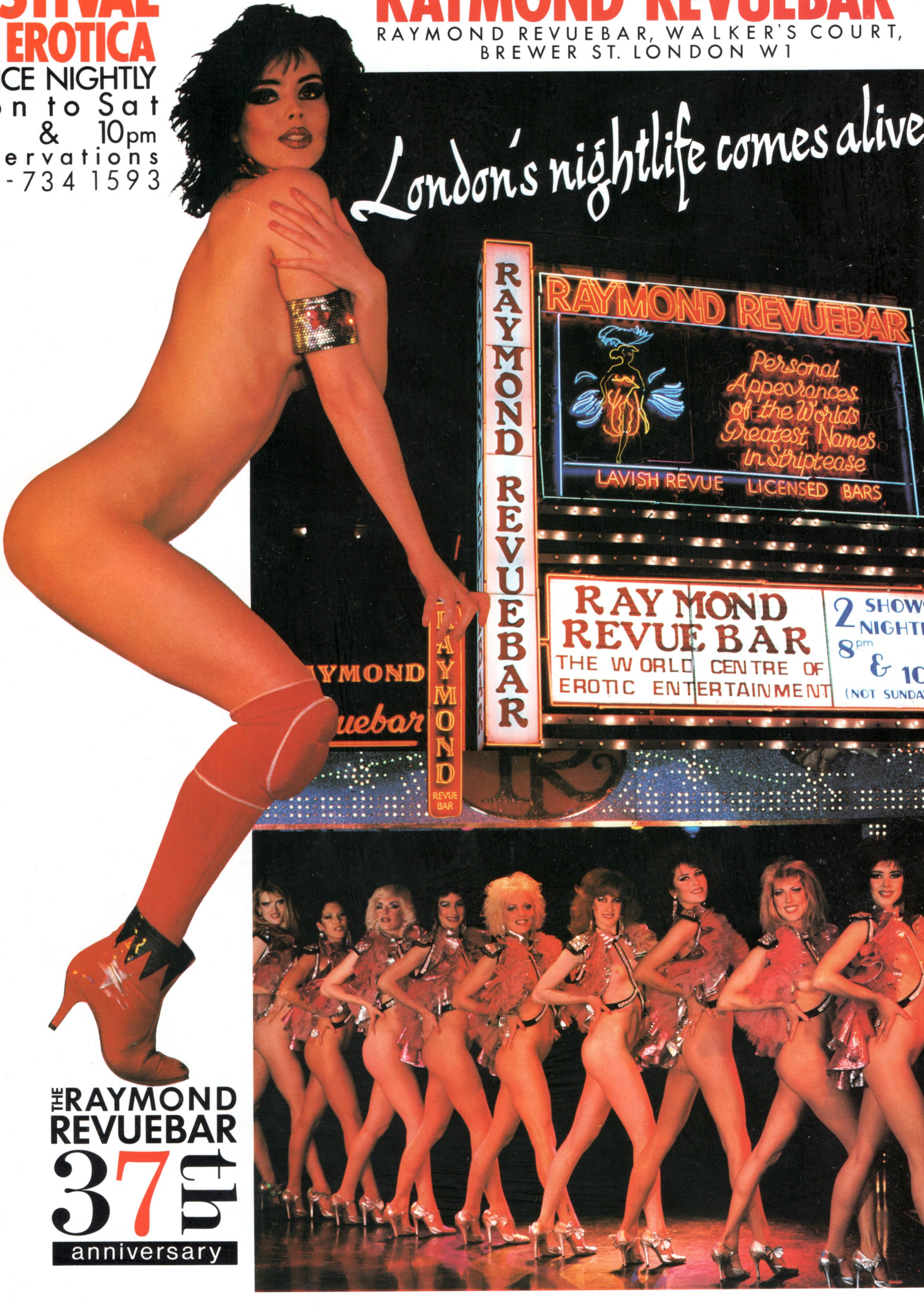
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